

tight*wire

Winter 1988

Vol. 22 No. 4



CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY LIBRARY



This Tightwire edition is only the beginning of a tribute to our sister-prisoner, MARLENE MOORE known to her friends as SHAGGY. She chose to end her pain and suffering on December 3rd, 1988 here in the hospital ward after nearly 3 months in segregation here at Prison for Women. That conditions in segregation are inhumane and unjust was verified by our former Citizen's Advisory Committee Chairman, Dr. Barry Thorne who resigned Wednesday, November 30, 1988. Dr. Thorne stated in an interview with Mary Lasovich of the Whig Standard, Friday, December 2, 1988:

"But he expressed frustration with the failure of Correctional Service administrators to take steps to improve the "inhumane" conditions of the prison's (Prison for Women's) segregation unit- the source of repeated complaints by both the citizens committee and inmate committees."

"The most serious example of the need for improved management is the way the segregation unit is handled," said Thorne. "It's a disgrace"

Shaggy had done more "seg.time" than any other woman in Canada that anyone here can remember. The traumatizing memories of a dear friend hanging herself to death, along with the pain and trauma suffered by the women caged in adjoining cells where three women attempted hanging on November 25, 1988 was the final amount of "seg.time", Shaggy could handle.

The exemplary courage and dedication to better conditions for all imprisoned creatures that Shaggy represented to all of us who knew her and loved her, will never be forgotten.

Her final days were filled with courage and love, but she was just so tired.

We ALWAYS WILL LOVE YOU, SHAGGY.





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Naked
With skin like oiled silk,
They move at fifty miles
an hour,
Attaining faultless streamlining
By changing the shape
of their bodies*...

==== VOL. XX, NO. 4 ====

Our own individual vision is so limited that one of the more precious plateaus of living occurs when one is able to profit from the view of living offered by encountering the enriched experiences of others. Indeed, there seems to be a cosmic flow of positive energy that radiates from particular individuals and their attention to the moment at hand.

Frequently I have marvel at the sparkling originality of the work being done around me. It is a sad privilege to live with a large number of Native women who bring delight to this gray prison with their particular crafts. On many occasions they have patiently shared and taught these skills to other women on the units. There is a profound sense of spirituality locked into the art of beading. The acute attention of the artist to color, shape and size as each of hundreds of selections are being made. I recall that Ghandi learned to weave his own cloth to move nearer this most practical mysticism.

There is wonder in the power of the creative spirit to survive, even flourish under the oppression of prison. But I also wonder at how free born is this creativity; whether it is the other side of the "changing shape" of the blood from slashed arms and bodies of women no longer able to endure or deny the personal violations that are inherent in any captivity or imprisonment? So much denial and so much righteous justification are poured into the concrete of prisons that murmurs for decency find little room for passage.

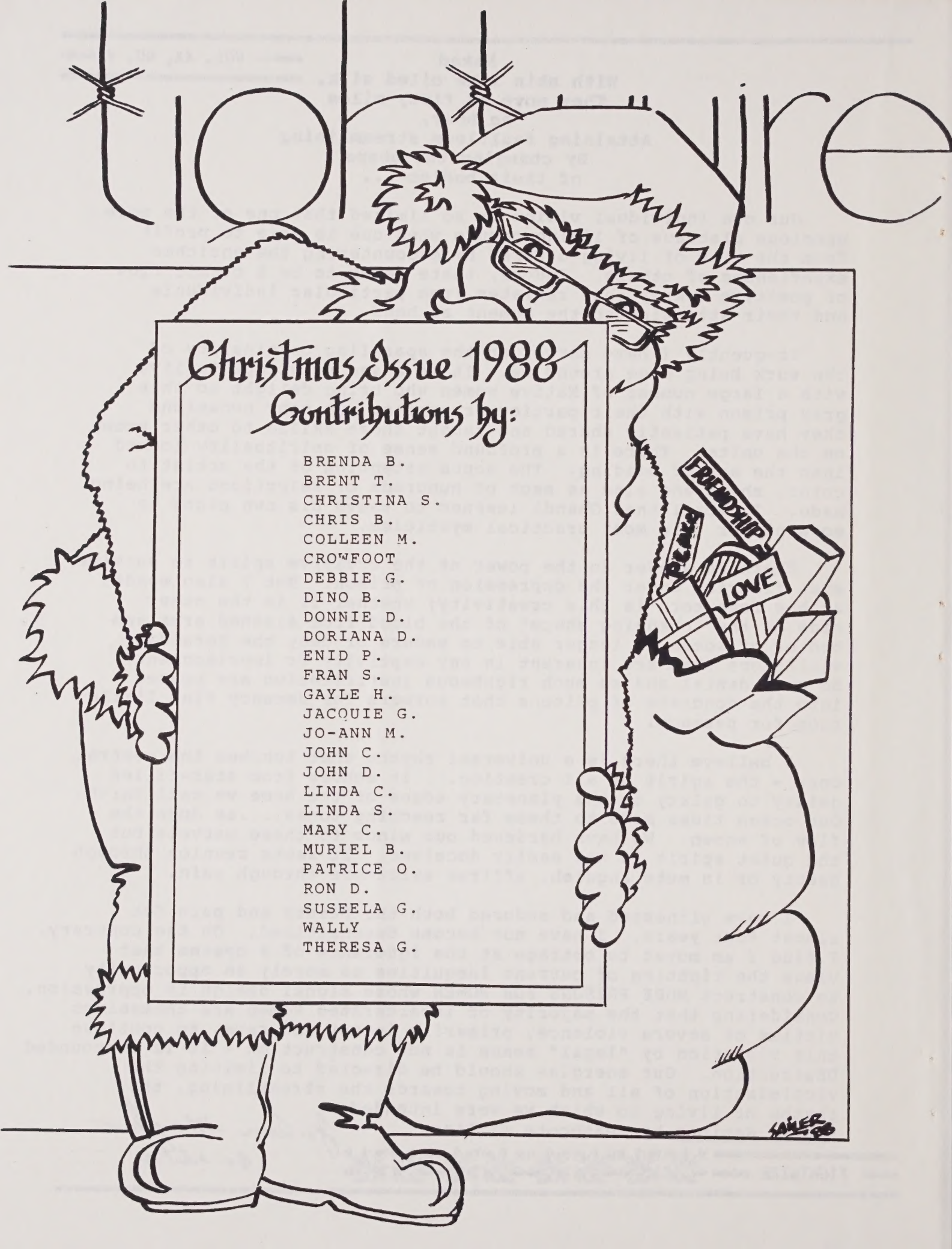
I believe there is a universal rhythm that touches the central core - the spirit of all creation. It echoes from star-filled galaxy to galaxy to the planetary edges of the home we call Earth. Our ocean tides move to these far reaching tones....as does the flow of women. We have hardened our minds to these marvels but the quiet spirit is not easily deceived. It seeks reunion through beauty or in mute anguish, affirms existence through pain.

I have witnessed and endured both the beauty and pain for almost four years. I have not become desensitized. On the contrary. I find I am moved to outrage at the ignorance of a system that views the righting of current inequities as merely an opportunity to construct MORE PRISONS FOR WOMEN whose signal design is oppression. Considering that the majority of incarcerated women are themselves victims of severe violence, primarily incest and rape, to continue this violation by "legal" means is not construction - it is compounded DEstruction. Our energies should be directed to limiting the victimization of all and moving towards the streamlining, the rhythm of living to which we were intended.

*Whale Nations by Heathcote Williams

Jo. Ann Mayhew
Co. editor

=====  =====
TIGHTWIRE

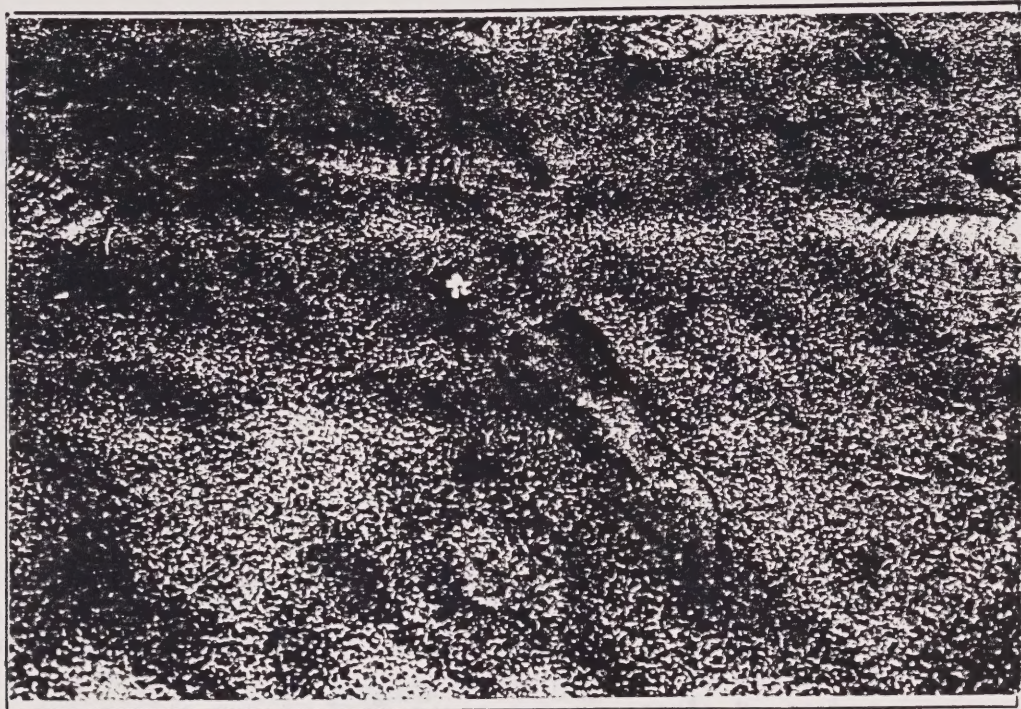


tutionaire

Christmas Issue 1988

Contributions by:

BRENDA B.
BRENT T.
CHRISTINA S.
CHRIS B.
COLLEEN M.
CROWFOOT
DEBBIE G.
DINO B.
DONNIE D.
DORIANA D.
ENID P.
FRAN S.
GAYLE H.
JACQUIE G.
JO-ANN M.
JOHN C.
JOHN D.
LINDA C.
LINDA S.
MARY C.
MURIEL B.
PATRICE O.
RON D.
SUSEELA G.
WALLY
THERESA G.



DEDICATION

This Winter-1988 Issue is dedicated to sharing and caring people both inside and outside all prison walls. We have come together in time, not often by choice, but by circumstance. Our attentions have been drawn to issues we normally would circumspect. We see through the eyes of one another and are learning to listen to our inner spirits. The teachings are given us by many and our gratitude is eternal.

From all of us at Prison for Women to all of You, we send our Love and our desire to live together in Truth, in Dignity and always with Beauty. May the coming New Year Bring Joyous Blessings.

WE WISH YOU LOVE

Gayle A. Horn
Co. Editor

Thank-You Hamish

The photo on the preceding page was artfully taken and thoughtfully sent to me in a letter from a man I have never personally met. He has become a friend, sharing with me his experiences of beauty, his loving family, his travels physically and emotionally. Giving and sharing his life has helped me to survive.

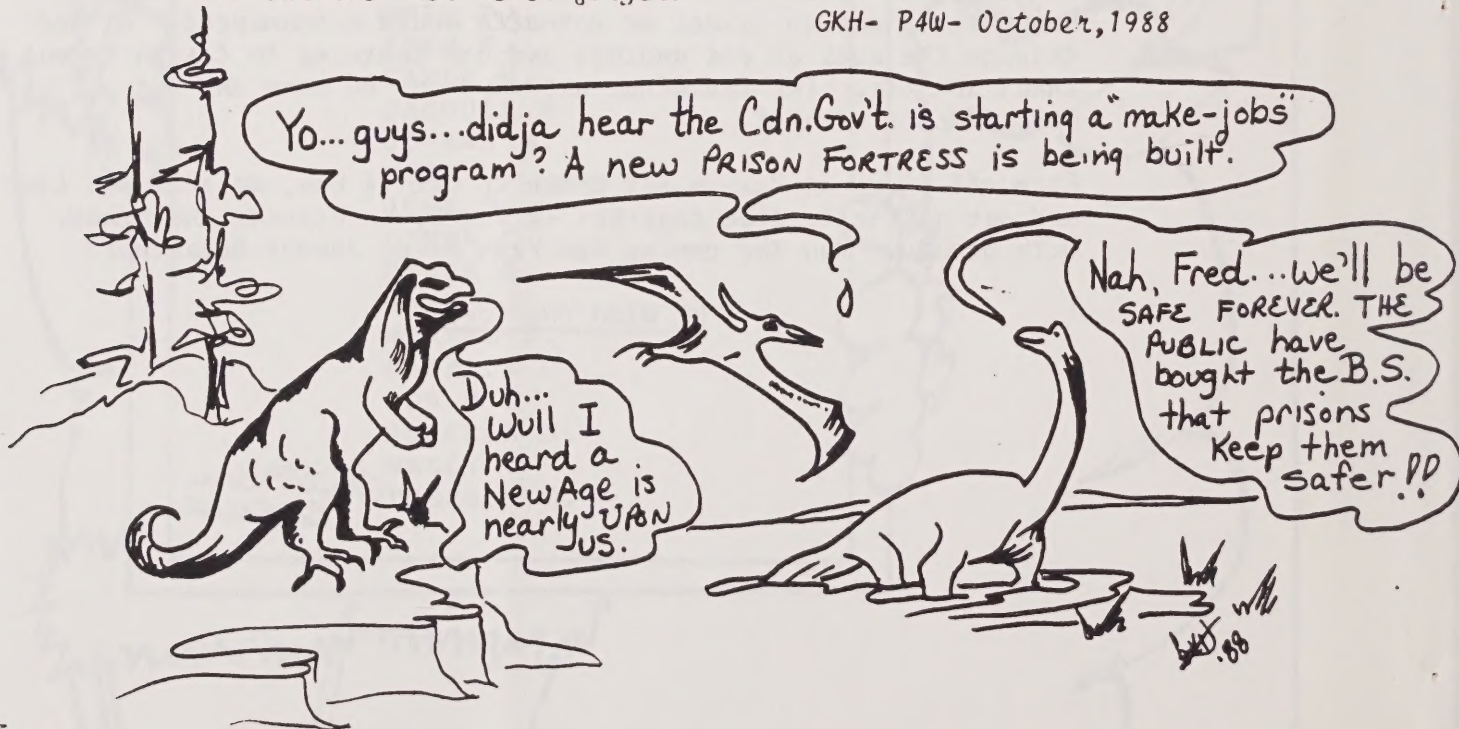
"and look at this photo...how tough is this little flower..
...and how close to destruction it came from some unseeing
big-foot...I see all this...I feel....I rejoice...I agonise.
...but damn...to create....to use this material...tough for
me....but I could never stop trying..."

In the true sense of creating, he has.

It is never-ending, the gratitude one feels when supported by friends who are family and family who are friends. The experience of prison, it's pain, and it's confusions are felt by everyone remotely connected to this inhumane concept of industry - prison. We cannot endure it alone, in the sense that we can retain our sense of humanity. Without the support of those outside these walls one begins to believe that this is the real world.

The New Age, The Humanist Revolution is upon us...but for some, the changes will be too late. Those who perish become statistics. Those who survive must never forget.

GKH- P4W- October, 1988



THE CREATION

In the beginning was the plan
and then came the assumptions
and the assumptions were without form
and the plan was completely without substance
and darkness was upon the face of the prisoners
and they spoke unto their Chairperson, saying:

"It is a crock of shit, and it stinketh."

and the Chairperson went unto the Social Development Officer,
and sayeth:

"It is a pail of dung, and none may abide the odour thereof."
and the Social Development Officer went unto Ass. Acting Warden
and sayeth unto her:

"It is a container of excrement, and it is very strong
such that none may abide by it."

and the Ass. Acting Warden went unto the Warden
and sayeth unto her:

"It is a vessel of fertilizer, and none may abide its strength."

and the Warden went unto the Regional Director and sayeth:

"It contains that which aids plants to grow, and it is very strong"
and the Regional Director went unto the Commissioner
and sayeth unto him:

"It promotes growth and is very powerful."

and the Commissioner went unto the Solicitor General
and sayeth unto him:

"This powerful new plan will actively promote the growth and
strengthen the people in this area in particular."

The Solicitor General looked upon this plan,
saw that it was good

And the Plan became Policy.

WELCOME TO KINGSTON -- CANADA'S PRISON PLAYLAND

"LET US ENTERTAIN YOU"

Prison gives new definition to such a term as double standard. On one hand the public is beginning to question the \$65,000 per year per person to keep a woman at the Prison for Women. Although many of us within are coping with the issue of self-esteem, the \$1,000,000. spent on each of the 30 & more Lifers and those doing Life on the "installment plan" does seem a rather uneconomical way of directing this normal process of human growth. Moreover, as prisoners, we tend to appear an ungrateful group; not fully appreciating or recognizing these enormous amounts of money being spent to incarcerate us. Possibly this is due, in part, to the double standards surrounding the worth of a dollar.

We prisoners get trapped in the narrow reality of our own existence. Reluctantly, we roll out of bed each morning to face yet another day's workload. We'll work with varying degrees of vigor, cleaning pots & pans, peeling vegetables, mopping floors or locked in Adult Basic Education for that day's pay of between \$3-\$6 dollars (before deductions). It is hard to believe this is a drain on the National Correctional Budget. But, we are consistently told how expensive it is to maintain us here while, with equal consistency, we are asked to contribute more from our pay towards our own upkeep. What our keepers had been giving; coffee on living units and at groups such as A.A. has been discontinued, the cost now being paid by prisoners. Common, standard non-prescription potions for upset stomachs & head aches must now be purchased at our canteen. The canteen prices do not match our pay levels. In fact Government purchase tactics support suppliers not low prices (that's reality, anywhere).

But there could be a solution and an end to this woeful tale. It is obvious from the ever increasing number of non-paying tours sauntering through our tunnels and homes that the historic and curiosity value of P4W has been seriously under-played. P4W has tourist value. We could be front runners in a whole new clean! CORCAN industry of **PRISON TOURISM**.

Being modeled after the antiquated KP (Kingston Prison, circa 1880) the Prison for Women retains the flavor of grime and crime now reserved for re-runs of Grade B (C?) movies. Our recently white-washed ranges could be still further up-graded by floating a dozen or so, over-sized helium-filled balloons in vivid dayglo. The clothing issued could be color coordinated. Against a back drop of electronic music drifting through the all-call, the effect would be spectacular. As the word of this spectacle spread, the demand for guided tours would soar and the dollars would roll in - if we just charged an admission fee.

Of course the Wings would not be left out of this development plan. I suggest that any tour of these areas start, appropriately, in front of the distinctive mural of St. George's Dragon. The balmy South Wing could develop its theme along the lines of a Canadian Barrios; the old army barracks which house women have that run down but tacked together appeal. A final stop at the North Wing could feature the "Blue Women"; those women in the end units who receive only the last gasps from the "central" heat system and contend with pure Canadiana in the form of frost bite.

Further dramatization could be added to the present "fish bowl" effect now offered to tours at NO CHARGE by issuing all prisoners with face masks, snorkels and flipper fins. We could carry this gear at all times and train to don it rapidly when an approaching tour was sighted.

Gate receipts would quickly recover the capital outlay for both helium balloons and the snorkeling equipment. A profit distribution based on accumulated admission fees (outlined below) would be equitably distributed between the performers and management.

SUGGESTED SCHEDULE FOR FEES:

CLASS "A"...\$100.

All token visits by Parliamentarians-- we are merely washing (oops, recycling) the tax payers money.

All researchers, students and their go-fers preparing ANOTHER STUDY on the PROBLEMS and DIFFICULTIES at this PRISON FOR WOMEN.

CLASS "B" ...\$20. Group Discount

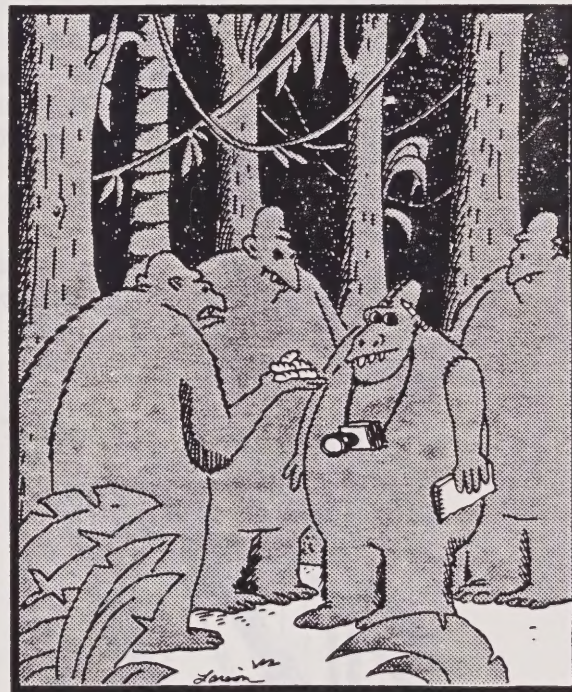
This could be our broadest group, appealing to thrill seekers who choose to vacation in Prison Playland. Special consideration to be given those aboard the Kingston City Tour Buses with announcements claiming that P4W is the home of the most violent women in Canada.

CLASS "C"...Free Admission

To Judges and any individual willing to make a same day comparison between the living conditions at P4W and Bath, Frontenac or Beaver Creek- (the male minimum institutions in this area)

To participants in programs such as Scared Straight.

by Jo-Ann Mayhew



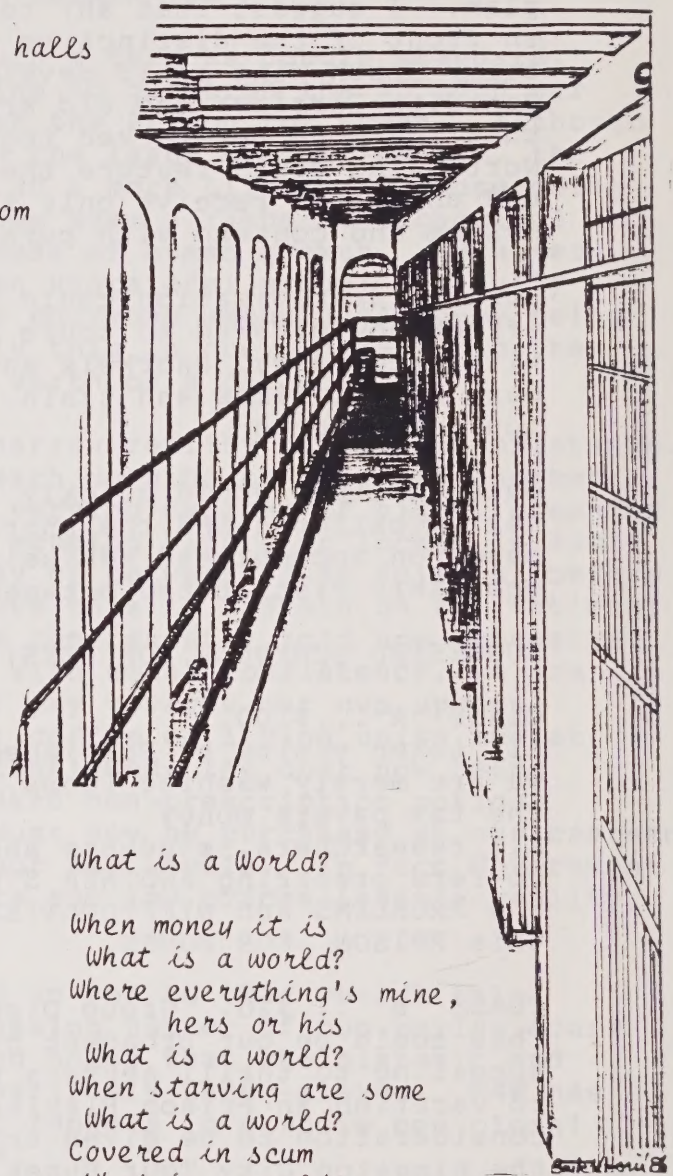
"So, you're a real gorilla, are you? Well, guess you wouldn't mind munchin' down a few beetle grubs, would you? ... In fact, we wanna see you chug 'em!"

.....BOLD.....COLD.....

Walking through these lonely halls
 Of people busy talking
 And watching T.V.
 I light up a cigarette
 And look out
 the windows on to freedom
 100 yards away.
 When out of the blue
 the haunting tune
 Go Ask Alice
 by Jefferson Airplane
 Follows me,
 And all of a sudden
 The loneliness
 dissolves
 as a friend
 asks me to play ...

Cards,
 And have
 her fortune
 read over coffee
 And I feel like
 I'm part of someone,
 something, anything
 but the cold, icy
 halls of this
 place.

- Co Millward,
 A poem for
 all those people
 who won't let
 each other
 melt into the
 cold walls ...



What is a World?

When money it is
 What is a world?
 Where everything's mine,
 hers or his
 What is a world?
 When starving are some
 What is a world?
 Covered in scum
 What is a world?
 When hate has fame
 What is a world?
 Where friendship's a game
 What is a world?
 Where no words are real
 What is a world?
 When love you can't feel

What is a world?

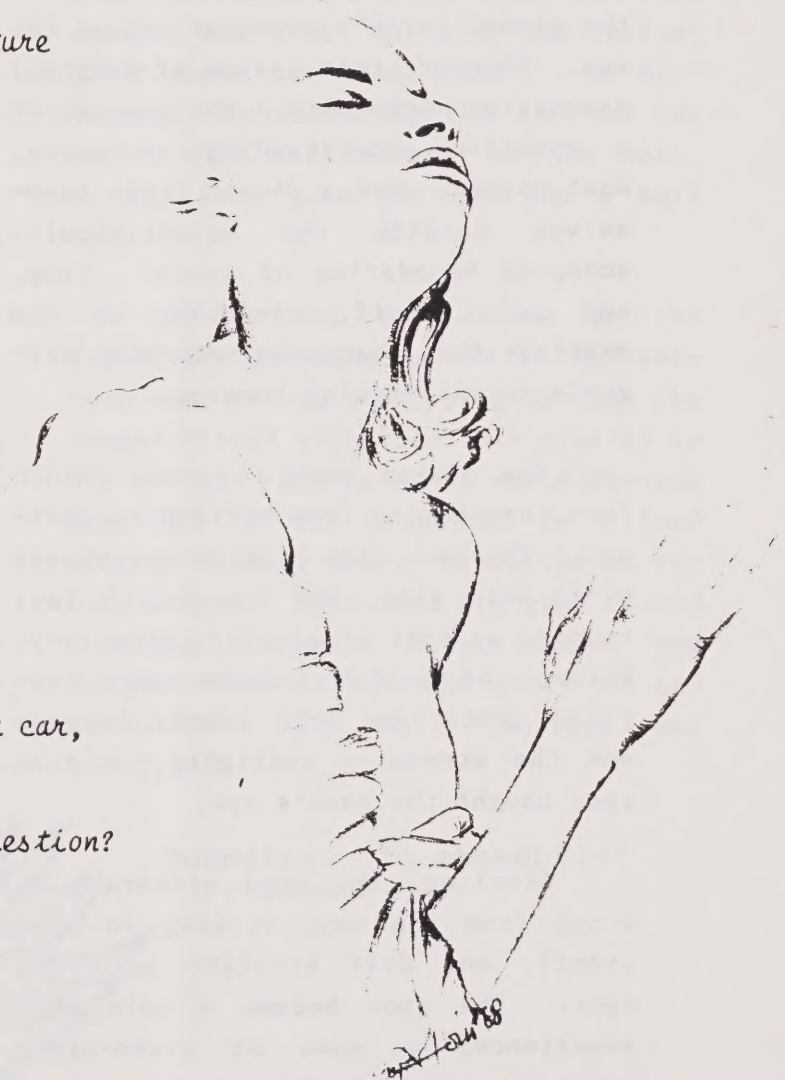
-Christina Sorgente

BORROWER

The night wears my clothes
and naked I lay
exposed to the master
My sores raw beneath the eyes of the future
My blood runs transparent
through the channels of my veins
Mist engulfs my space
my cheeks moist

Illusions exit phantomly
as the first rays of fire
peek from the horizon
My clothes return damp, clinging
to every part of my limbs
The cry of a sea-gull, the spinning of a car,
and the all-call, wind me to reality
another night, a new day, tomorrow, a question?

doriana/88



SHOW TIME NO TIME

Time has form when measured against space. This way of delineating units of time works when the space to be measured possesses a focal point and discrete relative points. For example, a minute represents a specific amount of time, where that time represents a specific degree of the planet earth's movement around the sun. However, this system of temporal expression works within the context of a specific understanding of space. What happens when a person finds themselves outside the scientifically accepted boundaries of space? Time, and life itself, can take on new meanings that shape the returning person's decisionmaking forever.

The plains were a curved golden face, stretching from horizon to horizon. The hawk flew high above; square wings held wide, and its tail a lazy rudder against the easy blue sky. Below, the golden grasses were textured gently by soft summer breezes and the streaming sunlight. A dark spot caught the hawk's eye.

Circling, the bird withdrew its wings from the sky, folding in upon itself, and fell straight onto the spot. The spot became a hole which experienced a rush of green-brown grass, a spin of white root against the dark earth, and silence. Falling through the hole in the prairie face,

the bird passed from light to inky black, from feather to stone. The darkness was complete. The feathers were not missed. The stone felt cold.

Suddenly, there was a sense of great space, of an opening up, of a cavern that extended forever into the darkness. The stone experienced a sense of lost motion. The stone began to reach out for some point of contact, some thing to centre on, some way to orient itself. Further and further the stone stretched its senses until the awareness of self was lost in the ballooning being, lost in the reaching out for something, anything, in the soft, black, place. Still silent, the stone expanded until it became porous. Porosity became a dispersion of particles. Inner space was inverted; density became vacuum and vacuum became the presense of space. All that was material was subsumed, consumed, exhumed, and only the spirit of the stone was left to stretch into the empty silence.

Slowly, gently, the spirit became sides smooth as glass. That hawk a more calm, more quiet, more silent awareness, feeling the spirit of the hawk without acceptance, without rejection, without anything but recognition, very faint, very slight in its attention. The spirit of the hawk suddenly understood that the other not only was

larger, greater, and more distant. The other was throughout the dark place. In fact, the hawk found the other in the spaces between the hawk's stretched being. Unsure of itself, the hawk spirit contracted, shrinking back to a stone. Yet the awareness of the other did not diminish. The spirit of the hawk could sense the other within itself. It took some concentration to even distinguish between the fabric of itself and the energy of the other. Breathless, the hawk waited for the other to speak. As the silence grew, so did the hawk's awareness that the other did not need to speak, that the hawk was fearful of what the other would say if it did speak, and that this place of no space and no time could be revisited if the hawk left. In the moment of deciding the hawk found itself high above the moonlit face of the prairie night. The stars shone brightly.

Gradually the walls of the prison cell took form and the prisoner's eyes reached outward toward the familiar sights. He stirred, rose from the

lotus position on the small bed, and stretched. The cell door was open. Stepping out into the corridor, he spotted someone he spoke with from time to time. The man asked him where he had been for the weekend. He said he didn't know: around, he supposed. He returned to his cell and turned on the T.V. The remote control clicked and the news channel flashed brown and blue against the white walls of the rectangular space he lived within. He discovered, by comparing the date on the screen with the calendar on the wall, he had been gone for two and a half days.

Looking out the window at the razor-wire gleaming golden in the setting sun, he began flipping through the images stored with indelible clarity in his memory. How had this world changed now that he had travelled to a land without time or space, travelled to the shadow-land? He turned his gaze toward the now darkened T.V. screen and laughed when he saw the photo on the calendar. The solar eclipse was beautiful.



Submitted "in abstentia"
by John C.

WHY ARE FORCEFUL MALES
REFERRED TO AS
CHARISMATIC
WHILE FEMALES ARE
DOMINEERING?

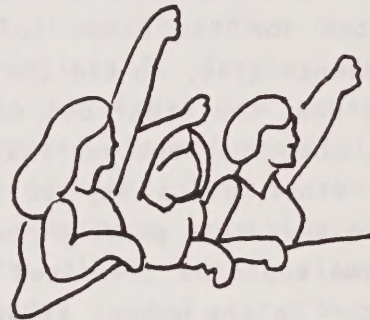
WHY IS IT
THAT
OBSTINATE MEN
ARE CALLED
STRONG-WILLED
WHEN
OBSTINATE WOMEN
ARE CALLED
STUBBORN?

WHY ARE WOMEN WHO
ARE IRONIC CALLED
BITTER
WHILE IRONIC MEN ARE
CALLED HUMOROUS



SURVIVALWOMAN SAYS . . .

WHY ARE
ANGRY MEN
CALLED
OUTRAGED
WHILE
ANGRY WOMEN
ARE CALLED
HYSTERICAL?



WHY ARE MEN WHO ARE
INTERESTED IN EVERYTHING
REFERRED TO AS CURIOUS
BUT WOMEN OF THE SAME
TYPE ARE CALLED NOSY?

WHY ARE WOMEN WHO
ARE THOUGHTFUL CALLED
CONSIDERATE WHILE
THOUGHTFUL MEN ARE
CALLED OVER-SENSITIVE?

WHY ARE WOMEN WHO
ARE DAUNTLESS
CONSIDERED BRAZEN
WHEN DAUNTLESS MEN
ARE CONSIDERED
FEARLESS?

IN SPEAKING ABOUT A
PERSON WHO IS INDUSTRIOUS
WHY ARE MEN CALLED
HARD WORKERS
WHEN WOMEN ARE CALLED
DRUDGES?

BILL OF RIGHTS FOR ASSAULTED WOMEN

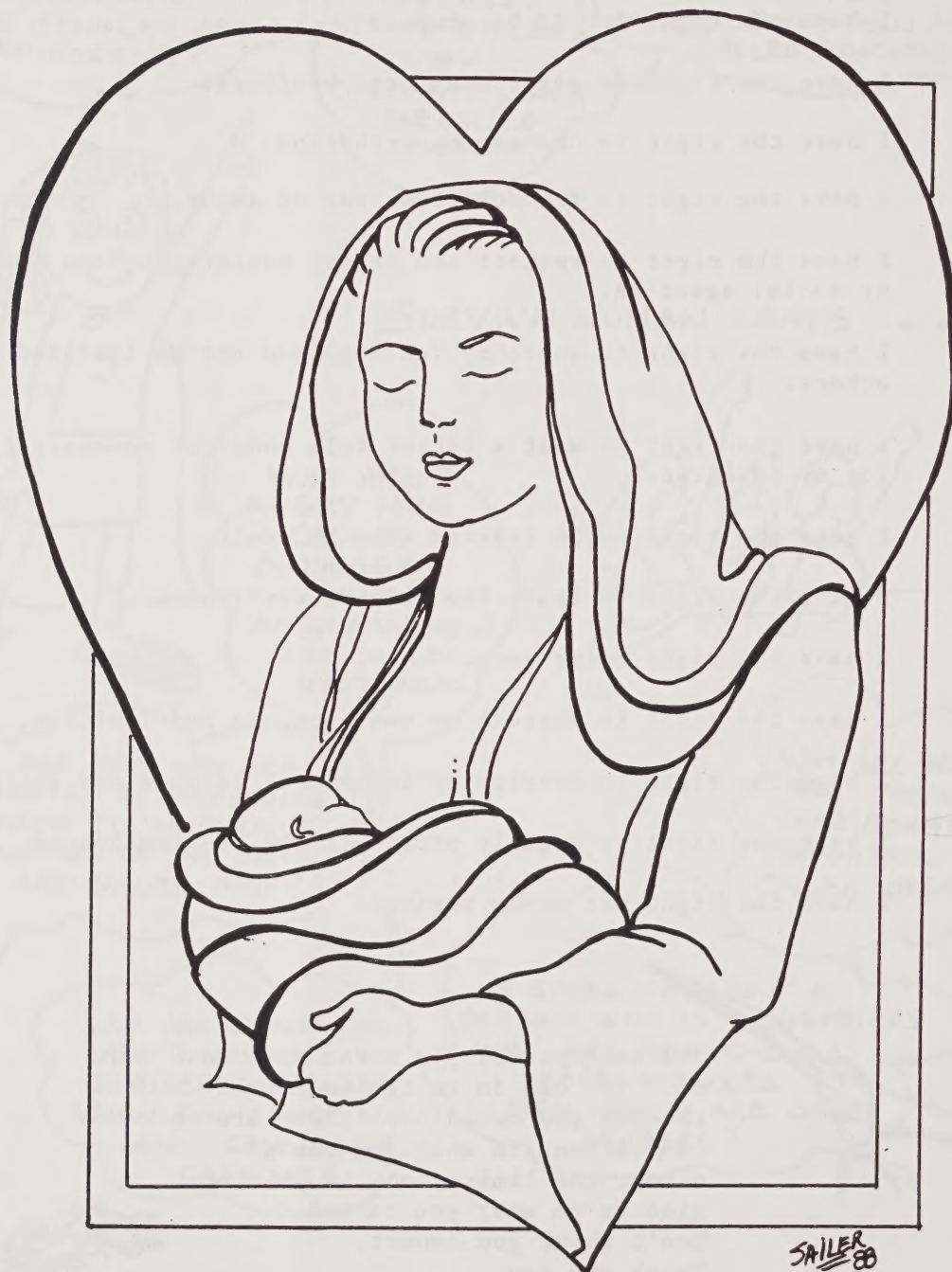
- ° I have the right not to be abused.
- ° I have the right to anger over past beatings.
- ° I have the right to change the situation.
- ° I have the right to freedom from fear of abuse.
- ° I have the right to request and expect assistance from police or social agencies.
- ° I have the right to share my feelings and not be isolated from others.
- ° I have the right to want a better role model of communication for my children.
- ° I have the right to be treated like an adult.
- ° I have the right to leave the abusive environment.
- ° I have the right to privacy.
- ° I have the right to express my own thoughts and feelings.
- ° I have the right to develop my individual talents and abilities.
- ° I have the right to legally prosecute the abusing spouse.
- ° I have the right not to be perfect.



You have powers you never dreamed of. You can do things you never thought you could do. There are no limitations in what you can do except the limitations in your own mind as to what you cannot do. Don't think you cannot. Think you can.



- Darwin P. Kingsley



BIRTH AND NEW LIFE

by LEE

I remember lying on the vast white sheet bed as though I were on a raft, floating. The white venetian blind stirred at the window in the spring air; ripples of sunlight and scents of green leaves lapped at me. Outside the sounds of older children playing came to me as though they were a part of the one sweet element of spring. Beside me, touching my side, lay Nathan, wrapped and sleeping in his cotton blanket. His face was turned to my breast, his hair still misted and damp from the exertion of sucking, his lips just parted from the nipple, his small fingers wrapped around my larger one. I felt that I held him alive by passionate tenderness that flowed out from me and mixed with soft air. His steady breath, minutely rising and falling, was like the expression and culmination of a love that I could not separate from the wholeness of the spring air; it held us both.

He did not know yet that I existed separately. To speak of his sleep as "trusting" would be wrong. To him, the softness of the blanket, the warm pulse of sweet milk going down his throat, the blood heat of my finger, the yielding firmness of my skin, and the different firmness of the bed were all part of a single blur of sensation. I felt, lying beside him in the flush of new life, that not only did I provide him with a universe, but that I was his universe. And I felt an eager acquiescence that it should be so.

Twelve months later, I came home one evening, exhausted, knowing that the

weaning was almost complete. Nathan romped with me on the bed; we were delighted to come together, like lovers rushing back to the meeting-place, bringing presents. He staggered about on the touseled mountain of pillows and blankets, falling onto his bottom with peals of laughter, giving me the present of a high-spirited evening. I laughed with him, acknowledging his fine confidence and pleasure. Then he lay down beside me for his nightly nursing but, already on his side and one hand on my blouse, he lifted his head with its soft wisps of hair and looked at me with a new expression of mischievous inquiry. Something made me feel that it was a question, and I found myself answering, a little sadly, "No more milk; it's all gone." He knelt up beside me with a serious smile, my son, our two lives no longer breathing with the same breath, and patted my blouse closed with an almost maternal gesture. "All gone," he said, and jumped up again to dance.

Between these two moments, the early nurturing and the weaning, lay, a time of enfolding intensity that I have never known in any other kind of love or work. I'm sure that this mother time was making of me as a person, and the making of my child. Yet, I've never seen this fundamentally important interaction recognition or ever acknowledged in films, newspapers, magazines, television, popular music, or any of the aggressive, tawdry, or sentimental noise that passes for our culture, and even to speak of it is to put oneself in a defensive and somehow ludicrous minority. This worries me. If that first year or so is as important as I believe it to be, then society ought to make room for it.

A PARENT'S DAILY REMINDER

Calvin and Hobbes

I must.....

Teach my sons to be as gentle,
caring and true to their feelings as I
teach my daughters.....
..... that this is not less masculine.

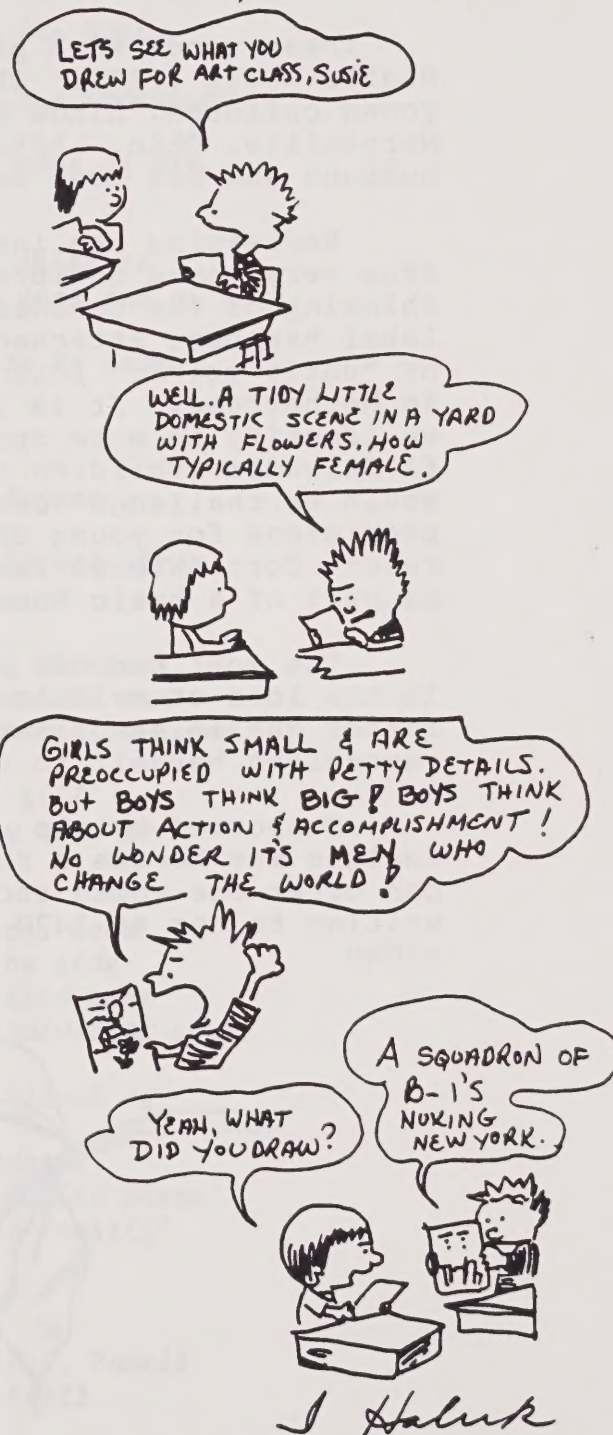
I must.....

Teach my daughters to be as
independent and assertive as my sons.....
..... that this is not less feminine.

I must.....

Teach my sons and my daughters
equally that responsibility for the most
menial of chores is equal to the
responsibility of the glorified chores.....
..... That the Supreme responsibility
is the Nurturing of Family and Humanity
..... To be courageous and creative in
tandem
..... That excessive competition is
dangerous for it breeds the "better" and
the "lesser".....
..... That there is NO ONE GREATER.....
..... OR LESSER.....THAN YOU.

Kyoko - January, 1988



J Haluk

IMPRISONED MOTHERS

"Is anybody not too busy to hear what I've got to say? I am a mother, I am in prison, and the state has taken my children away from me. If you are not a mother you can't understand the rage I feel, the torment and the torture that are driving me to insanity. They are my children and I love them!"

These words were passed on by Claire Culhane of the Prisoners' Rights Group (PRG). They were written by the mother of three young children, Linda Couch, who is presently imprisoned in Marysville, Ohio. After years of battering, she killed her husband and has been sentenced to 20 years in prison.

Redressing the incredible pain suffered by mothers separated from very young children is a matter still far beyond the current thinking of the Canadian Correctional System. Once the criminal label has been attached to a female the collateral conclusion of "unfit mother" follows, as our society still demands perfection in Motherhood. It is interesting to note that even in what we identify as more oppressive regimes than our own, such as El Salvador, children under 7 remain with their mothers. It would be challenge towards more enlightened sentencing if such provisions for young children were included in the design of future Correctional facilities for women in our own country as part of a basic humanistic living design.

The most serious common denominator of imprisoned women is the loss of self-esteem. By withdrawing and denying the mother qualities of imprisoned women, the likelihood of a woman remodeling herself to wholeness is greatly diminished.

Supported by the concerned interest of other women such designs may become a future reality. For now, individuals who can offer one woman encouragement can contact Linda Couch by writing to her at 1479 Collins Ave., Marysville, Ohio, USA 43040



(adapted from
a drawing by
Linda Couch)

"DISCLOSURE"

The bare branches shiver naked in the cooling
sky
As the sun caresses the world in its daily
farewell
There is a peace in the air that our immediacy
does not speak
An ancient ritual that meets the edge of the
night.

Around me rings the noise of the children
Acting, reacting to freedom from fear and of
change
Wounded lives emerging in a chance to grow
Women unbending into dignity

The victims too shall speak
Women shall learn to live without fear
Life can go on, work can get done
Who dared to tell us that we could not stand
alone

This too breeds fear, the fear of changing,
fear breaking the bastions in fearless men
Men smothered; to be limited to macho pose and
violent talk
Men chained in images no one can fill
Loaded with responsibilities they need to
share

We need to move to lift each others load
Men, women mutually living side by side
Unlimited by social stance and rigid code
Enjoying the revelation of the individual souls

Then we shall join that ancient ritual of
peace
And with the sun caress the nakedness
Souls bared in trust disclosing buried pleas
The unconventional essence called "myself"

"With Love"

Enid R. Powell
88/06/23

To Ken:

If I could die
And come to you in mind
I would

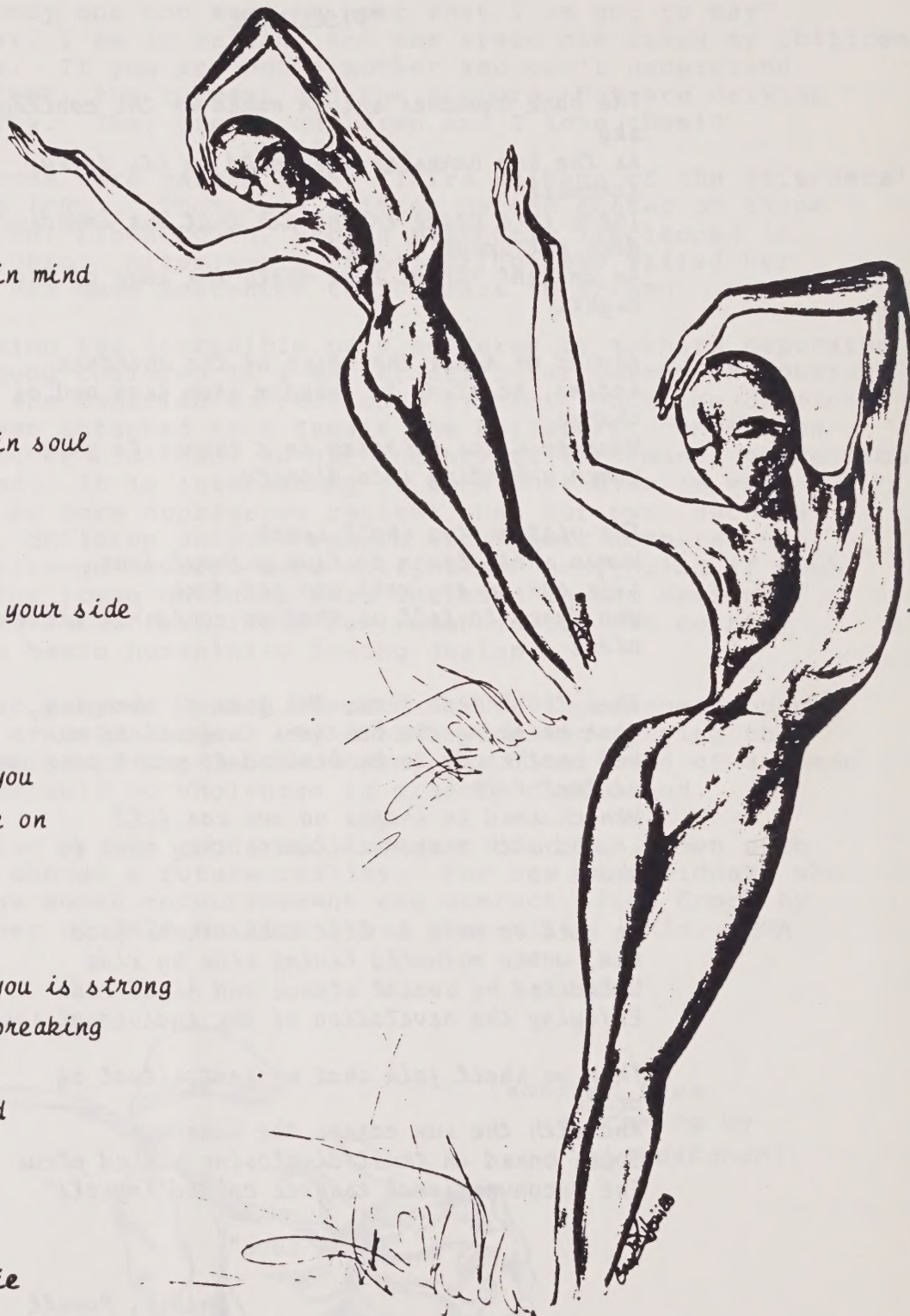
If I could die
And come to you in soul
I would

If I could die
And always be by your side
I would

If I could die
And my Love for you
Would always live on
I would

I'm still alive
But my Love for you is strong
But my heart is breaking
Some day soon
It will be mended

Love Always Debbie



Heart of My Heart

Heart of my heart, the world is young;
 Love lies hidden in every rose,
 Every song that the sky lark sung
 Once, we thought must come to a close,
 Now we know the spirit of song
 Song that is merged in the chant of the whole,
 Hand in hand as we wander along,
 What should we doubt of the year that roll?

Heart of my heart, we cannot die!
 Love triumphant in flower and tree.
 Every life that laughs at the sky
 Tells us nothing can cease to be.
 One, we are one with a song today,
 One, with the clover that scents the world;
 One, with the Unknown, far away,
 One, with the stars, when earth grows old.

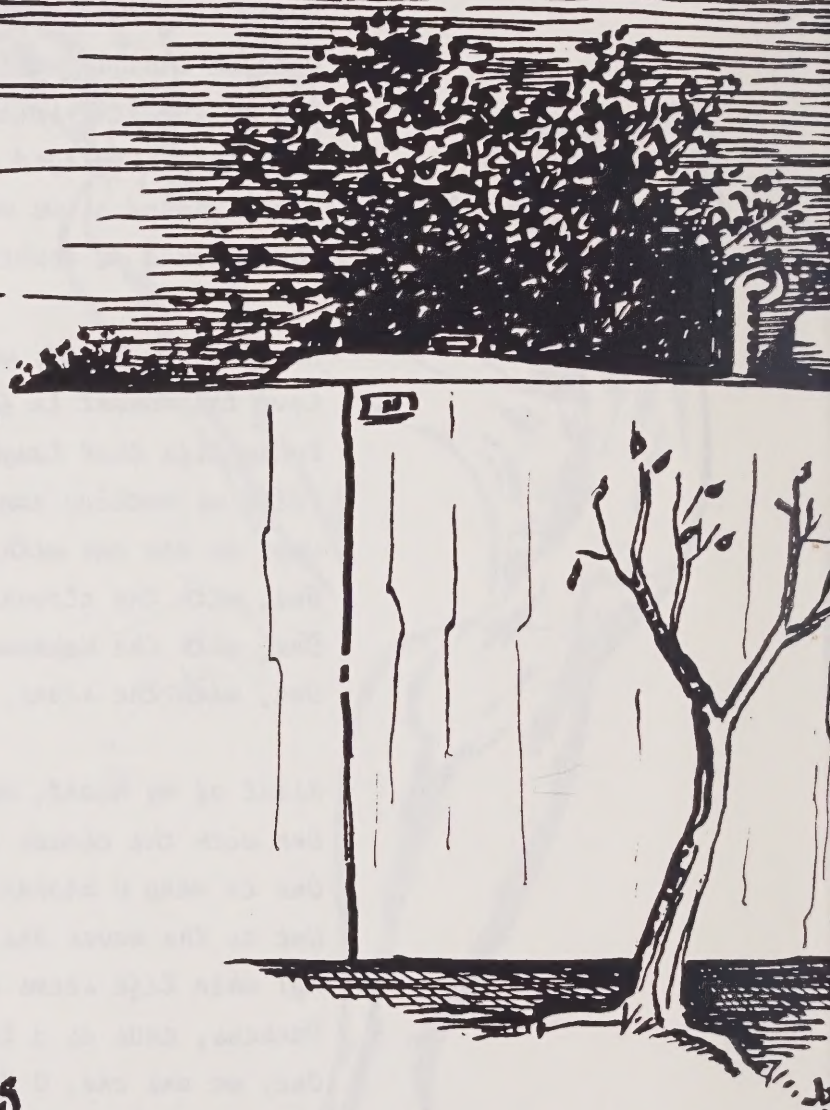
Heart of my heart, we are one with the wind,
 One with the clouds that are whirled o'er the lea,
 One in many O broken and blind,
 One as the waves are at one with the sea!
 Ay! when life seems scattered apart,
 Darkens, ends as a tale that is told.
 One, we are one, O Heart of my heart
 One, still one, while the world grows old.

Suseela Govindasamy

The Sign

A light
Shines through,
A skyline of gently
Waving leaves.
Silver rays of light
That give hope
Saying I am the sign
That will give you
Hope and Courage
To achieve.

As dark formidable
Clouds form and try
To take away that
Ray of light and the
Horizon darkens
Just when you think
All is lost and there is
No more hope
But pops that sun
And those silver strands
Burst forth to give birth
To new hopes... dreams... Love
And tranquility.



Jacquie Günergil

Easing the Pain
of Bondage
Through
Friendship

A Gift for Elisabeth

Once upon a time there was a very sad woman. The sadness inside her was so thick and black that, sometimes, she could not see anything outside.

One day, a kind woman came to the sad woman and brought her a present of some beautiful fresh fruit. It made the sad woman cry to think anyone would bring her such a gift. But, even in the thick, black darkness, she understood that this gift was given from one person that could still care for her.

From time to time and from far away, the kind woman who had brought the fruit gave the sad lady many other caring gifts. And slowly as time passed, the sad lady understood more things and she began to see and feel some warm bright sunshine as the dark clouds moved away.

Now the woman who had been unhappy wanted to thank the kind woman who had taken care of her through the dark times. She put some words on paper to say thank you but these were not as wonderful as the beautiful fruit.

Lots of days passed and the woman who was getting stronger in the new sunshine kept searching for a more wonderful way to say thank you.

One day this woman told the story of the caring woman and the beautiful fruit to her new sister named Sugar. Sugar was very wise. She understood how important a gift is to a friend. Sugar asked, "What do you think this woman loves the most in the whole world?" That was an easy question. I knew she loved her daughter, Elisabeth, more than anything else. I told Sugar about Elisabeth and I showed her some pictures of Elisabeth.

Sugar said, "Then your gift is not so difficult. You should give a gift to the one your friend loves the most. When Elisabeth is happy, her mother will be very happy."

Sugar said she would like to help make this special gift. And she did. She went to her house and sewed many beautiful beads and many pieces of soft leather to make Elisabeth's feet walk happily in days ahead.

When the woman who had been sad saw the wonderful moccasins, she knew both Elisabeth and her far-away friend would be very, very happy. So, she smiled and was happy, too.

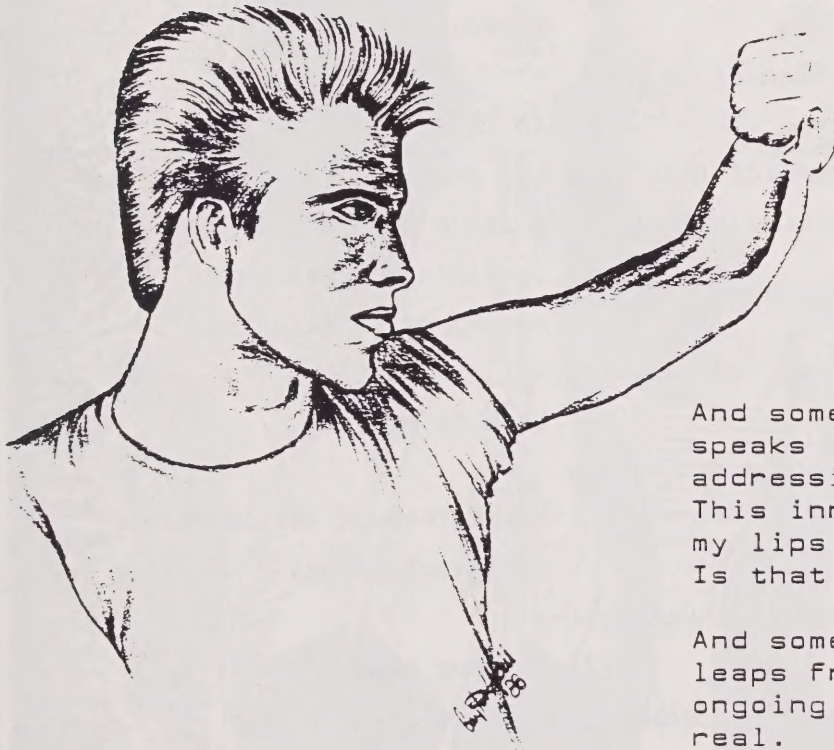
from Jo. Ann

FRIENDSHIPS

My friends amaze me as we sit eating prison meals
and sometimes I love them
And we maintain
over, and over, and over again
without repetition
our friendship is our sharing,

One of us is the monk
and one is the prophet
and one is the priest
and one is a man-child,

And sometimes we reside
in a dead field of eternity
and sometimes weakened or distraught
we express the pain
and sometimes frustration is
overcome
and sometimes we snap
for sometimes we are the duress,



And sometimes I ask them
silly questions
and sometimes I sing them
funny speeches
and sometimes we pass
time together
free of all borders
and boundaries
and the luminous walls
that confine us,

And sometimes my critical conscience
speaks
addressing me alone,
This inner voice passing through
my lips
Is that my voice which speaks?

And sometimes my heart
leaps from this to joy
ongoing
real.

Brent Taylor

BEGINNING TO EMERGE:



Waiting, waiting

draw back the blinds
and look out

Carefully, carefully

peer through the shutters
of doubt

Sunlight and shadows are dancing
entrancing me,

Colours and shapes intermingle in curious
furious blending

All bending my will

to their own.

Where will they lead me, these figures of fantasy?

Promising nothing they weave to and fro

beckoning, threatening,
daring me, scaring me,

Mocking and shocking me

back to my cell.

Painfully, gainfully

break through the barriers
overgrown images

Shattering, scattering

self as I've known it

Winning the risks and the freedom to fly

Gaining the courage to follow the vision
or die.

(May 1974)

THANK-YOU, MURIEL BISHOP



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ENTRENCHED SOCIAL CATASTROPHE

BY FRAN SUGAR

NATIVE PEOPLE LEAD THE KKKOUNTRY IN STATISTICAL CATEGORIES SUCH AS UNEMPLOYMENT, ALCOHOLISM, EARLY DEATH RATES FROM INFANT MORTALITY, VIOLENCE AND CRIMINALLY-RELATED ACITIVITIES. ACCORDING TO A RECENT STUDY BY TRENT UNIVERSITY, THE DANGEROUS OFFENDERS ACT, BILLS C-67 AND C-68, NATIVE PEOPLE IN THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE CYSTEM ARE MORE LIKELY TO BE GATED UNDER THIS BILL, AND THEREFORE ARE DEEMED THE MOST DANGEROUS AND MOST VIOLENT OFFENDERS IN CANADA.

NATIVE WOMEN FACE DOUBLE, TRIPLE AND QUADRUPLE STANDARDS WHEN ENTERING THE PRISON CYSTEM. NUMBER 1 IS BECAUSE WE ARE WOMEN, NUMBER 2: WE ARE NATIVE, NUMBER 3: WE ARE POOR, NUMBER 4: WE DO NOT USUALLY POSSESS THE EDUCATION NECESSARILY EQUIVALENT TO THE STATUS QUO.

PROFILE:

Ms. CREE IS EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD, A SINGLE PARENT WITH 2 CHILDREN. SHE LIVES IN THE CITY OF _____ WHERE THE OFFENCE TOOK PLACE. SHE WAS CONVICTED OF MANSLAUGHTER AND SENTENCED TO 4 YEARS. HER PARENTS ARE DECEASED. SHE HAS 2 SISTERS AND 2 BROTHERS. Ms.CREE WAS A HOUSEWIFE WHOSE SOLE INCOME WAS SOCIAL ASSISTANCE.

Ms.CREE ENTERED THE INSTITUTION WITH A GRADE 4 LEVEL OF EDUCATION. SHE QUIT SCHOOL DUE TO PROBLEMS IN HER FOSTER HOME. Ms. CREE HAS NOT BEEN INVOLVED IN AN EDUCATION UPGRADING PROGRAM. SHE HAS BEEN OFFERED A JOB CLEANING YET HAS REFUSED THIS PLACEMENT BECAUSE SHE FEELS THE SCHOOL SUPERVISOR DOES NOT TREAT HER OR OTHER NATIVE STUDENTS PROPERLY. AS A RESULT SHE WILL NOT WORK ANYWHERE IN THE INSTITUTION.

Ms.CREE WAS FIRST ARRESTED AT AGE 16 FOR UTTERING AND FORGING DOCUMENTS. SHE WAS PUT ON ONE YEAR'S PROBATION WHICH SHE COMPLETED SUCCESSFULLY. THE SUBJECT DISPLAYS NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR HER CRIMINAL INVOLVEMENT. THE SUBJECT CLEARLY HAS A DRUG AND ALCOHOL PROBLEM. HER INSTITUTIONAL PARTICIPATION IS LIMITED TO NATIVE SISTERHOOD. THE WRITER STRONGLY SUGGESTS THAT Ms.CREE REMAIN A MAXIMUM SECURITY INMATE. THE WRITER IS NOT IN SUPPORT OF COMMUNITY RELEASE AT THIS TIME. DAY PAROLE DENIED. FULL PAROLE DENIED. ESCORTED TEMPORARY ABSENCE DENIED FOR ONE YEAR. Ms.CREE WAS INVOLVED WITH A WOULD-BE SERIOUS INCIDENT WITH A NUMBER OF HER FRIENDS ON MAY 1, 19__ WHEN SECURITY STAFF WERE PROCEEDING TO DISPEL AN INCIDENT IN ANOTHER PART OF THE BUILDING. AS A RESULT OF Ms.CREE NOT BEING ABLE TO REMAIN CHARGE FREE FOR ANY LENGTH OF TIME, HER CAVALIER ATTITUDE, HER ACTIVITIES AND FRIENDSHIPS WITH MANY KNOWN DRUG DEALERS IN THE INSTITUTION, IT IS THE WRITER'S OPINION THAT Ms.CREE MEETS #2 & #3 CRITERIA UNDER BILL C67-68.

Ms.CREE IS A DANGER TO SOCIETY, TO HERSELF AND THE STAFF MEMBERS OF THE INSTITUTION. Ms.CREE IS BEING REFERRED UNDER BILL C-67-68. Ms.CREE'S SENTENCE EXPIRES JANUARY, 199_. NEXT CASE MANAGEMENT REVIEW SCHEDULED DECEMBER, 198_.

THIS IS A FICTIONAL PROFILE, BUT IT CLOSELY RESEMBLES A PERCEIVED REALITY ON THE PART OF THE BUREAUCRACY WHO ASSESS THE NATIVE WOMAN AS SHE ENTERS PRISON. THOSE WHO ASSESS US COME FROM AN OPPOSITE LIFE-EXPERIENCE. THE AVERAGE CASE MANAGEMENT PERSON IS CAUCASION, MARRIED, HAS 1-2 CHILDREN, A UNIVERSITY DEGREE, IS FROM AN UPPER-MIDDLE-CLASS BACKGROUND WITH NO COMPARABLE EXPERIENCES TO A NATIVE WOMAN.

OBVIOUSLY THERE ARE GOING TO BE SOME VERY PROFOUND DIFFICULTIES THAT THE NATIVE WOMAN WILL HAVE IN MAKING ADJUSTMENTS WITHIN THE INSTITUTION AND IN SERVING OUT HER SENTENCE. ALMOST EVERY SISTER I HAVE TALKED TO HAS TOLD ME THEY WERE RAISED IN FOSTER HOMES, SENT TO JUVENILE DETENTION CENTRES, WERE VICTIMS OF SEXUAL ABUSE, WERE VICTIMS OF RAPE. AND FINALLY ENTERING PRISON FOR WOMEN, WE HAVE ALL BECOME VICTIMS OF BUREAUCRACY BECAUSE WE DO NOT HAVE THE RIGHT COLOUR OF SKIN, THE RIGHT KIND OF EDUCATION, THE RIGHT KIND OF SOCIAL SKILLS AND THE RIGHT KIND OF PRINCIPLES TO GET OUT OF HERE.

MOST OFTEN CRIMINAL DEFENSE LAWYERS IN CONJUNCTION WITH CROWN PROSECUTORS AND JUDGES AGREE THAT A GUILTY PLEA WITH A LENGTHY SENTENCE WILL CORRECT PAST LIFESTYLES, OUR WAY OF THINKING, AND MAKE US INTO LAW-ABIDING "CITYZENS". IT IS AN ABSURD, PHUCKING JOKE TO THINK THAT THE CRIMINAL JUST-US SYSTEM WITH THEIR RESIDENTIAL CARE, TREATMENT, PROGRAMMING, COUNSELLING AND MENTAL HEALTH PROGRAMS ARE SPECIFICALLY DESIGNED PROGRAMS TO MEET THE NEEDS OF NATIVE WOMEN WHEN WE HAVE NEVER HAD AN EQUAL FOOTING IN THE CASE MANAGEMENT STRATEGIC PLANNING SESSIONS THAT TAKE PLACE. THE BUREAUCRACY AND PAPER PUSHING OUTWEIGHS THE IMPORTANCE OF LISTENING TO WHAT THE NATIVE WOMAN SAYS SHE NEEDS.

USUALLY THE WOMAN IN THE CAGE IS TOO BUSY SURVIVING THE NEW RULES, NEW REGULATIONS OF DAILY LIFE IN LA-LA LAND TO EVEN CONSIDER WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS AFTER SHE IS FINISHED HER SENTENCE.

WHEN WE COME TO PRISON, WE NEED TO ADJUST TO GREATER AND GREATER VIOLENCE IN OUR LIVES. WE ADJUST TO INCREASINGLY DEADLY CONDITIONS, AND COME TO ACCEPT THEM AS "NATURAL". WE ADJUST TO HAVING FREEDOMS STOLEN AWAY FROM US, TO HAVING FEWER AND FEWER CHOICES, LESS AND LESS VOICE IN THE DECISIONS THAT AFFECT OUR LIVES. WE COME TO BELIEVE THAT MAKING \$4.20 A DAY AND THE THINGS WE CAN BUY WITH IT ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT LIFE GOALS. WE HAVE ADJUSTED TO DEAFENING SILENCE BECAUSE IT IS NOW MANDATORY TO WEAR HEAD-PHONES. WE HAVE ADJUSTED TO THE DEAFENING NOISES AND SCREAMS COMING FROM SEGREGATION WHEN OUR SISTER HAS JUST BEEN STRIPPED OF HER CLOTHES AND MACED IN THE FACE. WE HAVE ADJUSTED TO THE DEADENING ENTERTAINMENT OF BINGO GAMES THAT GIVE OUT PRIZED BAGS OF TACO CHIPS AND WE HEAR GLEES OF HAPPINESS AT THIS SCORE BECAUSE SOME PATHETIC INDIVIDUAL HASN'T TASTED TACO CHIPS SINCE 1979. WE HAVE ADJUSTED TO THE LACK OF CONVERSATION BECAUSE SOME DAYS THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING OF SIGNIFICANCE OR MEANING TO A FEW CHEAP WORDS. WE HAVE ADJUSTED TO DREAMING OF OUR FUTURES. WE HAVE ADJUSTED TO DIVORCING OURSELVES FROM RELATIONSHIPS WITH OUR HUSBANDS. WE KEEP ADAPTING TO NEW AND EVER MORE DANGEROUS CONDITIONS AND IDEAS IN THE NAME-SAKE OF SURVIVAL.

WE FORGET HOW LIFE ONCE WAS, HOW BLUE THE SKY IS, HOW GOOD FOOD TASTED. WE FORGET BECAUSE THE CHANGES ARE GRADUAL AND UNANNOUNCED. NO ONE CAN FOREWARN US OF WHAT LAYS AHEAD. IF WE COULD IMAGINE OURSELVES TAKING PLEASURE IN A SLAVE JOB LIKE CLEANING FLOORS OVER & OVER AGAIN, DAY AFTER DAY, YEAR AFTER YEAR, AND SEE OURSELVES AS FANATICAL PSYCHO'S WHEN OUR FRESHLY WAXED FLOOR GETS A SCRATCH ON IT AND RUINS OUR ENTIRE DAY, WE WOULD RECOIL WITH HORROR AND SHAME BECAUSE OUR MINDS AND VALUES BECOME AS TWISTED AND IRRATIONAL AS THE ONES THAT IMPOSE THESE CONDITIONS UPON OUR LIVES.

-3-

WE BECOME SO PHUCKING NUMB FROM THE INCREDIBLE B/SH WE ARE EXPOSED TO: TRYING TO SEE A CASE MANAGEMENT OFFICER TO GET A CALL TO OUR CHILDREN IS A MAJOR, MAJOR EVENT. IT IS NO WONDER THAT SO MANY OF US CUT OUR THROATS, LACERATE OUR BODIES, HANG OURSELVES. IT IS NO WONDER THAT WE NEED TO IDENTIFY OUR PAIN ONTO OUR PHYSICAL BODIES BECAUSE OUR WHOLE LIVES HAVE BEEN FILLED WITH INCREDIBLE PAIN AND TRAUMATIZING EXPERIENCES - PYSCHIC PAIN, PHYSICAL PAIN, SPIRITUAL PAIN.

WHEN YOU ASK A NATIVE WOMAN WHY SHE WAS PLACED IN A FOSTER HOME SHE'LL LIKELY TELL YOU IT WAS BECAUSE CHILDREN'S "Aid" ARRESTED HER BECAUSE HER PARENTS DIDN'T SEND HER TO SCHOOL REGULARLY. WHEN YOU ASK A NATIVE WOMAN WHERE SHE WAS SEXUALLY ABUSED, SHE'LL LIKELY RESPOND IT TOOK PLACE IN THE FOSTER HOMES. WHEN YOU ASK A NATIVE WOMAN WHY SHE FINALLY KILLED SOMEBODY SHE'LL TELL YOU SHE WAS A BATTERED WIFE AND SHE LOST CONTROL OF HER SENSES WHEN SHE WAS TAKING ANOTHER BEATING. SHE DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL HER HUSBAND, HER LOVER, HER FRIEND, SHE WAS JUST SO SPUN OUT AFTER EACH LICKING SHE LIVED THROUGH- SHE JUST WAS SO SPUN OUT.

I AM YOUR TYPICAL NATIVE WOMAN AND ONE WHO HAS SURVIVED THE CRIMINAL JUST-US SYSTEM. WHEN I THINK ABOUT THE TIME IN PRISONS, I OFTEN WONDER HOW I MAINTAINED MY SANITY. I NEVER CONFORMED IN MY HEART OR IN MY MIND BUT MY BODY DANCED. I LEARNED HOW TO COPE WITH LIES. I BELIEVE JUSTICE DOES NOT EXIST FOR NATIVE PEOPLE. THE BATTLE OF WILL IS TO SEE THROUGH THE WALL, TO SEE THROUGH THE SCREWS AND THEIR POWER PLAYS- THEIR BUREAUCRATIC GAMES OF POWER AND PLEASURE.

I LEARNED THERE IS A CERTAIN DEGREE OF HYPOCRACY IN THE GROUPS THAT REPRESENT WOMEN IN PRISON. THE MONEY AND EFFORTS THAT GO INTO "SERVICES" IS A MERE BAND-AID EFFORT IN CONSPIRACY WITH THE CRIMINAL JUST-US SYSTEM. THE MONEY AND EFFORTS WOULD BE BETTER DIRECTED AT COMMUTING THE FAMILIES OF THE INCARCERATED WOMEN TO THE PRISONS. THE TIME THAT IS SPENT ON CONDUCTING STUDY UPON STUDY IS WASTED TIME BECAUSE STATISTICS STAY THE SAME, THE PAIN STAYS THE SAME, THE FACES OF THE WOMEN CHANGE - BUT THE STORIES ARE IDENTICAL.

I ENTERED PRISON FOR WOMEN AS A YOUNG, POORLY EDUCATED, NATIVE WOMAN ANDI WILL SOON BE RELEASE WITH SIMILAR CHARACTERISTICS - BUT YOU CAN ADD ANOTHER DEFICIENCY - AFTER 7 YEARS - I AM NOW ANANGRY, YOUNG, POOR, UNEDUCATED, NATIVE WOMAN!!!!

SIGNED IN THE BLOOD OF MY SISTERS,
Ms. CREE XO



C O N C E R N S

#####

ADDRESS YOUR CONCERNS ABOUT PRISONERS IN CANADA TO:

Mr. OLE INGSTRUP, COMMISSIONER,
CORRECTIONAL SERVICES CANADA,
340 LAURIER AVE., WEST,
OTTAWA, ONTARIO
K1A 0P9

Ms. MARY CASSIDY,
WARDEN,
PRISON FOR WOMEN,
P.O. Box 515, KINGSTON,
ONTARIO, K7L 4W7

THE HON. RAY HNATYSHYN, - (POLICY - WOMEN PRISONERS
MINISTER OF JUSTICE, - NATIVE PRISONERS)
OTTAWA, ONTARIO,
K1A 0H8

THE HON. JAMES KELLEHER,
(SOLICITOR GENERAL FOR CANADA,

(OR: MR ROBERT CORMIER,
SECRETARIAT OF THE MINISTRY
OF THE SOLICITOR GENERAL FOR CANADA,

(OR: Ms. ALISION MACPHAIL,
CO-ORDINATOR,
CORRECTIONAL LAW REVIEW

(OTTAWA, ONTARIO,
K1A 0P8)

YOUR OWN LOCAL RIDING MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT,
C/O THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,
OTTAWA, ONTARIO, K1A 0S9

#####

P E R M I S S I O N T O R E P R I N T

WE ARE CURRENTLY IN THE PROCESS OF OBTAINING PERMISSION FROM
WRITERS AND ARTISTS TO REPRINT THEIR WORK.

KINDLY WRITE TIGHTWIRE WITH REQUESTS.

THANK-YOU.

TIGHTWIRE,
P.O. Box 515,
KINGSTON, ONTARIO,
K7L 4W7

FROM DEEP WITHIN

You introduce your ignorance and intimidation
only to have us brothers rebound from humiliation.

You take the air I breathe from reality
and spare this warrior his mentality.

You try to isolate my concept of determination
which does not follow your constitution.

You aggravate with your authority
only to bring me closer to spirituality.

You view and justify our wrongs by the book
in your colloquial vocabulary, I am the crook.

You take and label us the low-life class
when upon my prayers include the pipe and sweetgrass.

You attempt to manipulate the spirit - that is your goal
for I shall remain and be strong in mind, body and soul.

You see whiteman I am not a follower
in my sense of direction, I am the leader.

For the misinterpretation of directions you follow
I manage to smile because I find it hard to swallow.

For us "Brothers of Time" maintain our identity
only to bring our knowledge of our ancestors closer to unity.

You have your cross and you have your chain
to try cause us that sorrow and pain.

You try to capitalize your materialistic ways
which bear no burden on my Indian ways.

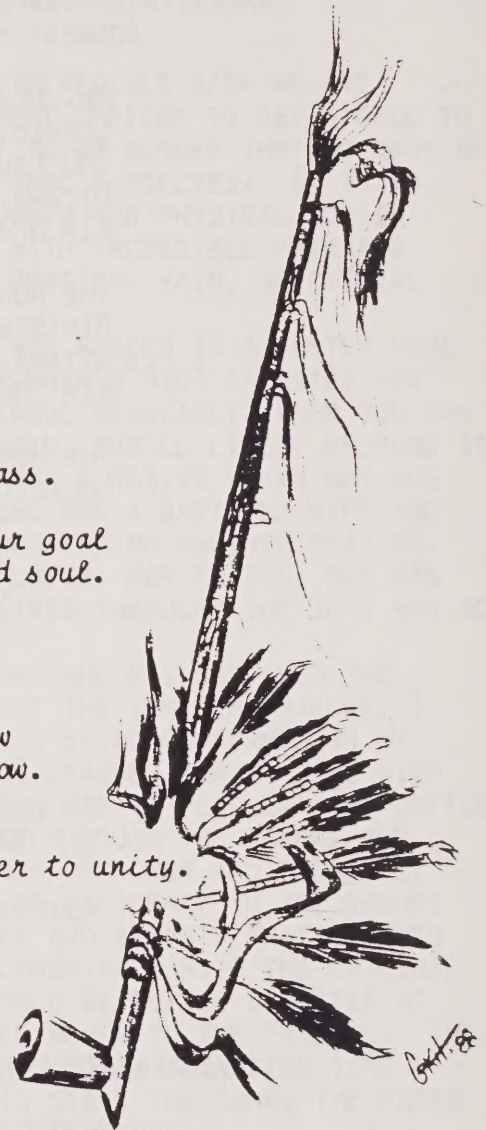
Of the hard times and trials of your director
I shall always remain true to my Creator.

I speak the truth for what I did not cost
Now in desperation, but to simply say you've lost.

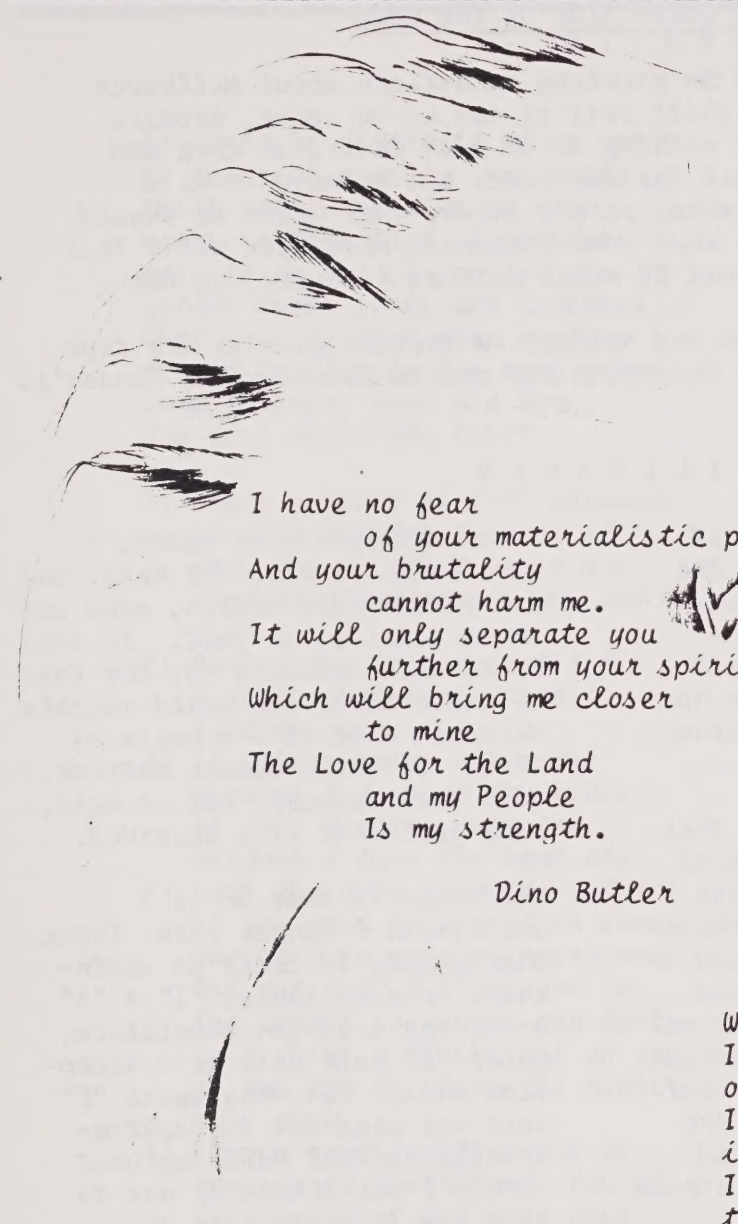
You cannot dispose of the Indian in me
This is why whiteman, this has to be.

I will remain Strong and Standing Tall
with my back against the concrete wall.

In Spirit,
Wally

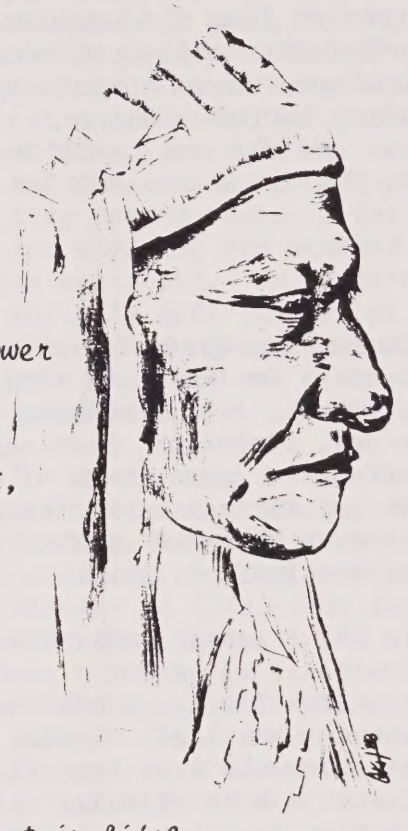


Blackfoot Pipe



I have no fear
of your materialistic power
And your brutality
cannot harm me.
It will only separate you
further from your spirit,
Which will bring me closer
to mine
The Love for the Land
and my People
Is my strength.

Dino Butler



What is life?
It is the breath of a buffalo
on a cold winter's day.
It is the flash of a firefly
in the night.
It is the little shadow
that runs across the prairie
and loses itself in the distance.

"Crowfoot"

(Sitting Bull
Sioux Warrior and Medicine Man
April, 1876, from photo before the
war council [taken by D.F. Barry])

The Other Side of the Coin

When first approached on printing an article about Millhaven in the Christmas issue, a chill sort of ran up my spine, because Millhaven Penitentiary has nothing to do with Christian love and sharing; in fact, it is just the opposite. But because it is a special time of year that makes people think, then maybe we should print this article to show what some prisoners must live with. This maximum-security pen is about 20 miles west of Kingston, on the shore of Lake Ontario.

We ask you to sit back and reflect on whether this is the type of treatment you want in a Christian and modern society like Canada's.

L.H.

M I L L H A V E N

Opened its doors to its first victims in 1971. By 1986, the sitdowns, riots, murders, suicides, stabbings, beatings & all other ingredients of Hell became the reason Millhaven has come to be known as the Rectum of the System's body.

In the 6 years I wasted in this warehouse of mental & physical cruelty, I've seen what noone should have seen. Sadly, there are many who have experienced a longer & more tortured period of time in here, compared to me. So many times I've been thankful for what I did not have to deal with. I wish I could take the credit for my having survived this place so far, but all credit I must give to God.

My most painful experience is the realization that so many feel justified applauding the destruction of life that takes place here. The laws of man have allowed for the uncaught to judge others.

Millhaven rapes the mind & heart without the use of vaseline. It's almost impossible to describe in words the degrading, painful, humiliating and what sometimes feels like forever, nightmares of this place. It was built to house men

in an atmosphere of death. I have seen too many die here. But for some warped reason, many out there consider it just. If one is to seek sympathy for the loss of these lives one would quickly discover that it's a waste of time. If death occurs outside, many feel sadness, but in here, many feel that it's deserved.

Millhaven is made up of 3 units, with 5 ranges each. There are roughly 30 cells or death-traps to each range. "I" & "A" units are used for population, while "E" unit acts as a reception area. For many years "E" unit was used for the controversial Special Handling Unit (SHU). I was fortunate not to have had to experience this part. It is not for me to share about the hell of it, but I can share from the bottom of my heart, the sadness that I've felt for the men forced to live in such cruel conditions. The S.H.U. is no longer in use here. Rather than abolish this useless function, it was moved and now what was once part of Millhaven is now an entire prison.

It would be difficult on my part to describe a cell. You would think after spending so many years in them that it would be easy to do so. I suggest you follow these steps and remember that this is what many are expected to live in for many years, some forever, some die here. How long would you last?

- 1) Place a sheet of 3/4" plywood on your bathtub & cover it with the thinnest, most uncomfortable mattress you can find.
- 2) Remove the toilet seat & lid & allow that fine aroma to fill the air.
- 3) If it's summer, close the windows & turn up the heat. If it's winter, open the windows & turn the heat off.
- 4) Lock the door from the outside so you need to depend on someone else in case of emergency. Cut out a 5" X 7" window in the center so anyone can look in & shine a flashlight on you as you try to sleep the nightmare away.
- 5) Remove anything that may be considered contraband. You'll find out what is, when your cell is searched. What is/is-not contraband changes according to the day & those doing the search. A tip-anything that may permit you any comfort or help in passing your time will probably be contraband.
- 6) Now, stay in there. Someone will always be watching you to make sure you do.-Only for 25 years.

I remember lying awake one night. I heard someone kicking on one of the walls. Sticking my ear to the door

I could hear someone choking. It still seems to me that he changed his mind, but he did such a good job that he succeeded in killing himself. For a few minutes I heard a gurgling sound. It was over fast but the sounds of that night keep coming back. I felt sad for him. He had wrapped it up in one night. In my shock I actually felt jealous of his strength to face the end. His pain was over and mine continued.

There are many out there that will get a kick out of this, feeling the suffering is justified. In their warped visions of life, they laugh at what they fear.

Millhaven is millions of \$\$\$ a year to the local economy. It is part of a play using a script without feelings. It is legal in the eyes of man. It is sin in the eyes of God.

A young man shared with me the pain & shame he had carried inside himself since he was a 13 year old boy sexually abused by his father. Protecting his mother, he kept the secret and ran away at 16. Crime supported him and led him to Millhaven. I held him while he cried and I cried with him. This is a child of God who is labelled an animal. He has left here now, and miraculously with God in his heart.

Surrounded by 2X 12' fences, crowned with barbed razor wire, banned for animals but legal for use against men and boys, towers permit guards a clear shot from their automatic guns.

MILLHAVEN

-3-

The fences are designed to set off an alarm if any attempts are made to climb it. Cameras deliver pictures to one main tower, which monitors & records any movement on a 24-hour basis. Armed guards in vehicles drive the perimeter & guards with dogs patrol grounds. The news media reported it was too good in these places, so this was all installed to stop people from sneaking IN. A rather sick & stupid statement, as is the one heard that people commit crimes because they know they'll get off easy.

Millhaven is a violent place. If you treat a man like an animal long enough, sometimes he will behave like one. But he isn't an animal. If you repeatedly told a child he was dumb, he probably will act dumb. But, the child isn't dumb, just acting within expectations. After all, the script is written without feelings, so how can the actor read the lines any differently. Think about this.

Millhaven is a success story of failure at its best. Treed and well-groomed grounds cover the ugliness invisible to those outside. The P.R. easily justifies its existence. You will hear very little good about the men imprisoned here. That doesn't sell papers or provide jobs.

Millhaven is a future museum. Many years from now, people will walk through this place and touch the steel so many have been caged in. They'll look in amazement at what brought tears to so many and take photos for their travel albums. Yes, many years from now Millhaven will be a museum, for a few dollars you'll get to see what so many paid for with their lives. Enjoy the tour!####

"May the groans of the prisoners come before you: by the strength of your arm preserve those condemned to die."

Psalm 79:111

Excerpt from "Inside Facts about the Inside" by Ron Dube.

L.H.

As co-editor, I edited these excerpts & printed with gratitude. There is often no time to contact the writer for permission & in the spirit of this Christian holiday, I thank you for your gift.

Throughout the article, survival through faith is apparent & we wish to share this with our readers of all beliefs.

Sometimes survival is through Love, sometimes through Hate & sometimes by Faith...

..& Survive...

.. Together...

.. We Will.

GKH.

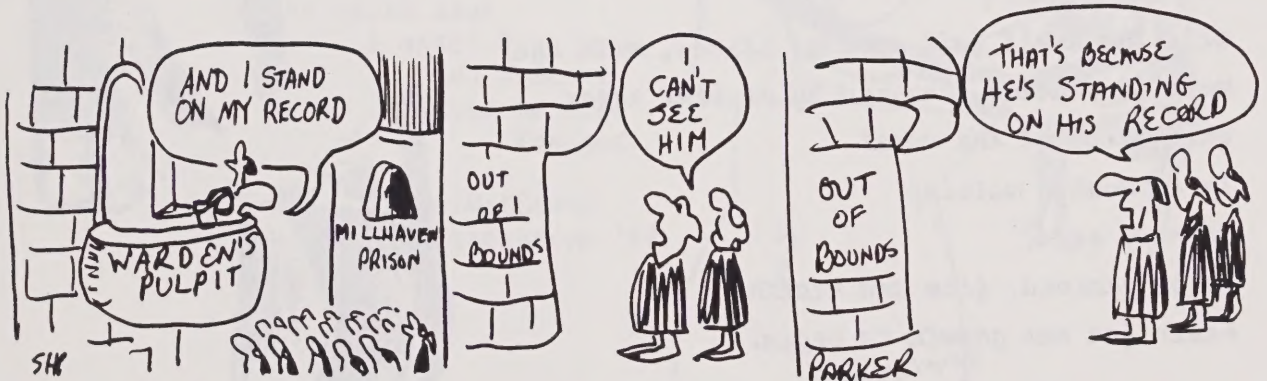
"Do not act under the sway of negative emotion. Remember, God is not the author of confusion.... But . . Of . . PEACE.

I Corinthians 14:33

Every prison
that men build....
....is built
with bricks of Shame..
and bound with bars..
...lest Christ
should See
..how men
their brothers maim.

Oscar Wilde, 1898

ONE CHRISTMAS CLOSER.....



Isolated, even from myself,
Cut off, fragmented.
Who is this person reading out to others
Now knowing herself?
Who do they see?
What is the Sum of this complexity
Called Me?

Calm efficiency --
Sweet serenity --
Hiding self doubts and known insufficiency

Myself seems to me like the shell of a nut
Part smooth
Part indented by contact with life.
Surely inside there is something of value,
Some kernel worth reading?
--- but how?
Will the shell fall away of itself, with age?
Must it shatter, crushed by violent rage
Which rips at the core?
Is it mouldy within?
Or ripe seed
To be grasped, firm and healthy
Freed for new growth to begin.



June 9, 1974

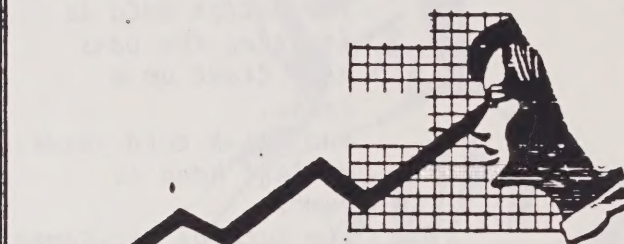
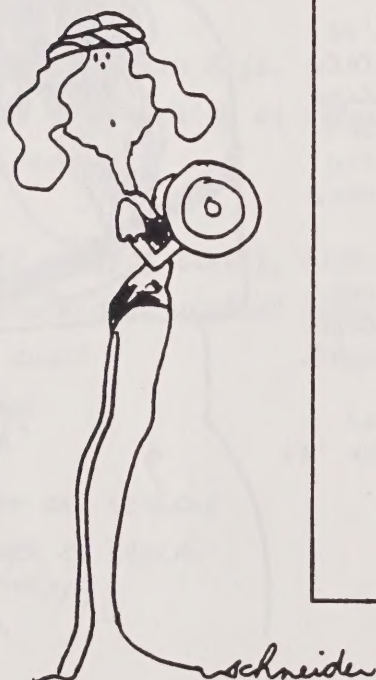
L I G H T B U L B

A lone light shines
 in my eyes eternally
 The bitter cold is
 freezing the bars
 as I light up a
 smoke.
 And drink cold juice.
 My left hand is
 numb.
 I'm full of excitement
 for what,
 to jog endlessly in
 my cell.
 Nine tiles down the
 range is the Bare
 Barred window
 I'm gritting my teeth
 listening to C.FOX
 with its songs of
 repetition
 Elton John says we've
 all gone crazy. lately
 my friends are rolling
 on the basement floor.
 Chinese food, plastic
 forks spoons & knives.
 The clock says
 5 after 8.
 And Someone
 saved my life
 tonight.

Co. Millward
 Segregation '88

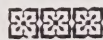


I'm WORKING
OUT WITH WEIGHTS
to IMPROVE MY
GENERAL HEALTH
and OVERALL
FITNESS...



GROWTH!
Get Yourself In On It!

(OKAY, I'LL LEVEL WITH
YOU - I'M TRYING TO
BUILD UP MY BOOBS!)



DO ANGELS SMOKE?

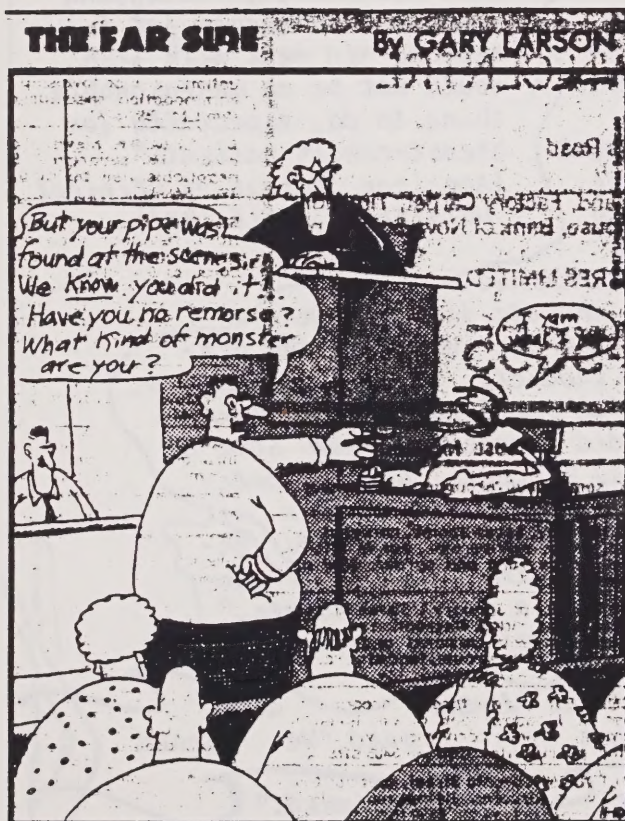
These do — and one of them also wears saddle shoes. They were snapped backstage at a college pageant.

Statistics show that:

- . a non-smoker between 30 & 35 can expect to live 8-9 yrs. longer than her 2-pack-a-day friend of the same age.
- . Non-smokers are $\frac{1}{2}$ as likely to suffer from cancer
- . Physical activity helps reduce nervous tension- that same nervous tension that can result in smoking or over-eating.
- . About $\frac{1}{2}$ the premature deaths of cigarette smoking are caused by heart attacks among both younger and older smokers. Studies show 3 possible reasons for this risk:
 1. Increased heart action & need for oxygen caused by nicotine
 2. Decreased ability of the blood to deliver life-giving oxygen to the heart because of effects of carbon monoxide in cigarette smoke.
 3. Faster blood clotting in smokers

butt:

"TO HAVE ONE'S INDIVIDUALITY COMPLETELY IGNORED IS LIKE BEING PUSHED QUITE OUT OF LIFE. Like being blown out as one blows out a light." - Evelyn Scott (1893-1963) American writer



YOU ARE..... WHAT YOU EAT!

Mackerel
Lowers Blood Pressure

West German researchers at the Central Institute for Cardiovascular Research gave men with mild hypertension two cans of mackerel with tomatoes daily for two weeks. Along with a healthy drop in blood fats, the men's blood pressure dropped significantly. Even when they cut back to three cans of fish a week, their blood pressure remained low until they reverted to eating lots of cold cuts of meat and little fish. (Atherosclerosis, December 1986)

Fish May Slow
Cancer's Spread

In a study by researchers at Harvard Medical School, rats with breast cancers were fed one of four diets: high saturated fat, high polyunsaturated fat, low fat or high omega-3 fatty acids (fish oil). The rats fed fish oil survived the longest, and at the end of the study, their tumors were smallest & had spread least. Fish oils block production of potent biochemicals, prostaglandins, which may be involved in cancerous tissue growth.

According to Debra Szeluga, Ph.D., the study's main researcher, "Modifying your diet to reduce fat & replace red meat with fish would not be an unreasonable thing to do, especially for breast-cancer patients". (American Journal of Clinical Nutrition, April 1987)

Fish Tames Arthritis Pain

Daily doses of fish oil led to modest but significant improvements in the symptoms of rheumatoid-arthritis patients studied at Harvard Medical School & Albany (N.Y.) Medical College. These were the first studies to show definite clinical effects of fish oil on an inflammatory disease.

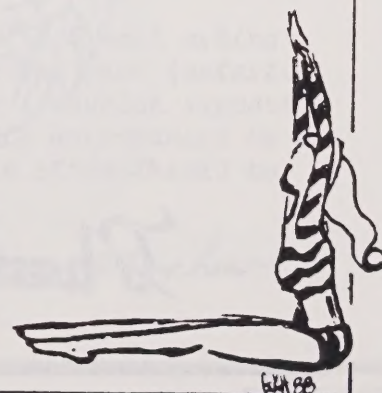
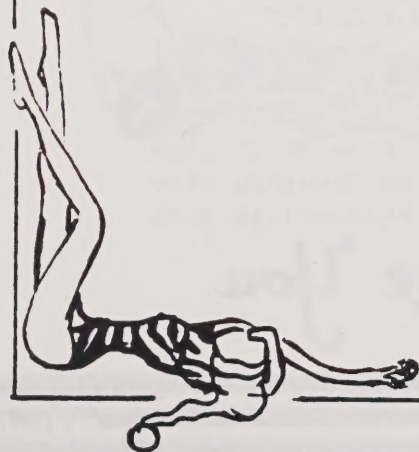
The cells of the people who ate fish oil were examined to see whether the oil inhibited the generation of inflammatory products, thought to cause or contribute to the painful swelling of arthritis.

The fish oil did suppress some of the inflammatory products, and the patients definitely felt better. "In our studies, the doses were roughly equal to a salmon dinner or a can of sardines," said Joel M. Kremer, M.D.

The associate professor of medicine at Albany, also said, "We found benefits after the fish was discontinued." four weeks



AT
PRISON FOR WOMEN
WE
ARE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE
THE ARRIVAL
OF
100% WHOLE WHEAT BREAD
AND
THE PROMISE
OF
A NUTRITIONIST
TO FOLLOW
IN
.....THE NEAR FUTURE



Deep at the center of my being there is an
 * infinite well of Love. *

I now allow this love to flow to the surface. It fills my heart, my body, my mind, my consciousness, my very being, and radiates out from me in all directions and returns to me multiplied. The more love I use and give, the more I have to give, the supply is endless. The use of love makes **Me feel good**, it is an expression of my inner joy. I love myself therefore, I take loving care of my body. I lovingly feed it nourishing foods and beverages, I lovingly groom it and dress it, and my body lovingly responds to me with vibrant health and energy. I love myself therefore I provide for myself a comfortable home, one that fills all my needs and is a pleasure to be in. I fill the rooms with the vibration of love so that all who enter, myself included, will feel this love and be nourished by it. I love myself therefore, I work at a job that I truly enjoy doing, one that uses my creative talents and abilities, working with and for people that I love and that love me, and earning a good income. I love myself therefore, I behave and think in a loving way to all people for I know that that which I give out returns to me multiplied. I only attract loving people in my world for they are a mirror of what I am. I love myself therefore, I forgive and totally release the past and all past experiences and I am free. I love myself therefore, I love totally in the now, experiencing each moment as good and knowing that my future is bright, and joyous, and secure for I am a beloved child of the universe and the universe lovingly takes care of me now and forever more. And so it is.

Reprinted by permission from "Heal Your Body" by Louise L. Hay

Thanks Patrice - Love You

"One never notices what has been done; one can only see what remains to be done." Marie Curie (1867-1934)

N E W F E A T U R E
Letters to the Editor

Dear JoAnne:

Tightwire has made me conscious of the situation facing women incarcerated in Kingston in a way I never dreamt possible. I have always been aware of the plight of women in prison but didn't have to concentrate on it because you are all so far away. However, TIGHTWIRE has opened my eyes to your world and its critical need for immediate change.

I didn't realize how my thinking had changed until just lately. I paid very close attention to the recent campaign of Bruce Curtis' mother to bring her son to Canada and then eventually to see him arrive at Springhill. On the one hand I was very happy for Bruce but on the other hand I was really angry when I saw so much attention focused on one person and that society overlooked the plight of women offenders. No one seems to care that all women are separated from families and friends. The situation is deplorable.

Cheryl AuCoin,
Women Unlimited, P.O.Box 368,
Sydney, Nova Scotia.
September, 1988

Dear Tightwire Collective,

Although it hardly seems appropriate to speak of "enjoying" a publication that gives voice to such pain and sorrow, at the same time, Tightwire offers a rare glimpse into the courage and empowering spirit of women in prison. I thank you for sharing your lives and energy, so that we on the outside may continue to work toward women's liberation knowing that walls alone cannot silence our voices.

Yours truly,
Mary Lasovich,
Kingston, Ontario.
September, 1988

In late Summer, our readers were approached by direct mail asking for renewal of paid subscriptions. The response has been fantastic. Not only did many individuals respond with their financial support but, to my very great delight, this was frequently accompanied by a very personal note of encouragement. I have been strengthened by this affirmation...to all.....Meegwetch.

Jo. Ann Mayhew

When choosing between two evils, I always like to try the one I've never tried before.

—MAE WEST, b. 1892
American actress



Thanks Denise - Love You

Christmas Greetings

From Reverend John Downs

It's Christmas time again, that exciting and magical time of year when almost everyone reverts to childhood and enjoys oneself immensely. Yet Christmas is often also a sad and terrible time: lonely and depressing as many suffer cruel memories. My prayers for each of you this Christmas time are that God will be with you in a very real way as Christ was with Mary and Joseph to make that first Christmas very special and joyful.

Have a joyful God-filled Christmas!

From Project Reconciliation

Christmas: celebration of the birth of a baby; adored and revered by many as Christ, the Messiah; respected by others as Teacher, Messenger of God, Healer, Brother. Even from birth outcast, yet in his death triumphant.

Christmas: a reminder of the pain, beauty and tenderness of relationships-- with one another and with the Divine,

Christmas: witness to the potential of the child (and the Christ Child) within each one of us.

The Staff Volunteers of Project Reconciliation wish all EVERY CHRISTMAS BLESSING

with LOVE-- Muriel, John, Silvia et. al.

PSALM 46

GOD is our refuge & strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, & though the mountains be carried into the midst of the Sea;

Though the waters thereof roar & be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of GOD, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most High.



Christmas In Christmas Out

CONTESTS FOR P4W PRISONERS

THREE Prizes of \$10.00 Gift Certificates to Peter's Drugstore will be awarded to the first two correct answers drawn for the Four-Letter Word Anagram and the winner of the greatest number of "Christmas" words.

Please submit your answers in the Tightwire Box near the kitchen post.

Don't forget to ASK Dragon Lady for her Advice!!!

CHRISTMAS CONTEST

- . How many words can you make from the word, "CHRISTMAS"?
- . Write down as many as you can & submit in Tightwire Box. (No Plurals or Proper Nouns)

(Thanks to Theresa for this puzzle)

(Thanks, Brenda for the 4-Letter word!)



WORD LIST

ALLHALLOWS	COLORFUL	JELLYBEANS	RINGING
AMUSEMENT	COSTUMES	JEST	RISKS
AMUSING	CRANKS	JOKE	ROADS
APPLES	CUTOUTS	KITS	ROAM
BAG	DISGUISES	LANTERNS	ROARS
BEGGING	DOORBELLS	LAUGHTER	SCARECROWS
BLACK	DUSK	LEAP	SCARY
BOAST	FAKE	MAGIC	SKELETONS
BREW	GAMES	MASKS	SORCERESS
CANDIES	GASPS	OCTOBER	SPIRITS
CATS	GHOSTS	ORANGE	STREETS
CAULDRONS	GIVE	PARTIES	TAFFY
CHATTER	GNOMES	PEANUTS	TALE
CHILDREN	GOODIES	PLAYS	TEASE
CHOCOLATES	HALLOWEEN	PLEASANT	TERROR
CLOWNS	HATS	PLOY	TOFFEE
CLUTCH	HISS	PRANKSTERS	TREATS
COLLECTING	IDEAS	PUMPKINS	WARLOCK
	YARN	WITCHES	WITCHCRAFT

S J E S T A Y S R S A S L S A P P L E S
 L E S M L F M E E L N U N E T E L A T T
 H A M S F L T U L T F A N I A R S A O A
 S C N A E H E H S R A E E N K E E S Y C
 S C T T G R A B O E R L U B H P N E A S
 C D A U E L E L R D M T O C Y O M N T Y
 L O A R L R O C L O S E T C T L D U O S
 O L L O E C N I R O O I N E O I L L P B
 W R W L R C H S C O W D L T E H P E O L
 N S I A E C R A W H S E T S G R C A J A
 S R N N R C U O T I K E E N A H S P B C
 D K O J G L T C W S T M I N A T O G A K
 S I O R D I O I O S A C K D U S N S G I
 M K S R R R N C N S E S H O O I A N T T
 E A O G A E T G K G T I T C S O I E R S
 E N G N U O T S N E S U T U R G G E L D
 S E G I B I I T R O C A M R G A A I U P
 A E K E C R S S A A M A E E A T F S V W
 E Y R A C S E E Y H O E B D S P K T P E
 T E E F F O T W S R C R S T I R I P S S

A FOUR - LETTER WORD

W R I T E M E

Did your girl just get paroled?
Are the screws on your case?
Are you finding yourself
redecorating your
cage every day?

Well....Relax
... DRAGON LADY ...
..is here!!!!..and

Dragon
Lady



..there..
and ...
everywhere.
She listens to
your problems,
separates fact
from fiction, &
just basically
cuts the crap &
tells it like
.. it is!!##

Dear DragonLady,

A 3-wk. separation proved too much frustration for the libido of my LoyalLove. She succumbed to a GuitarPik ...only thing is I know it was orchestrated by an Evil Toad. Who should I seek revenge on - my Loyal Love? - the Guitar Pik? or - the Evil Toad?

Signed, Fury

Dear Fury,

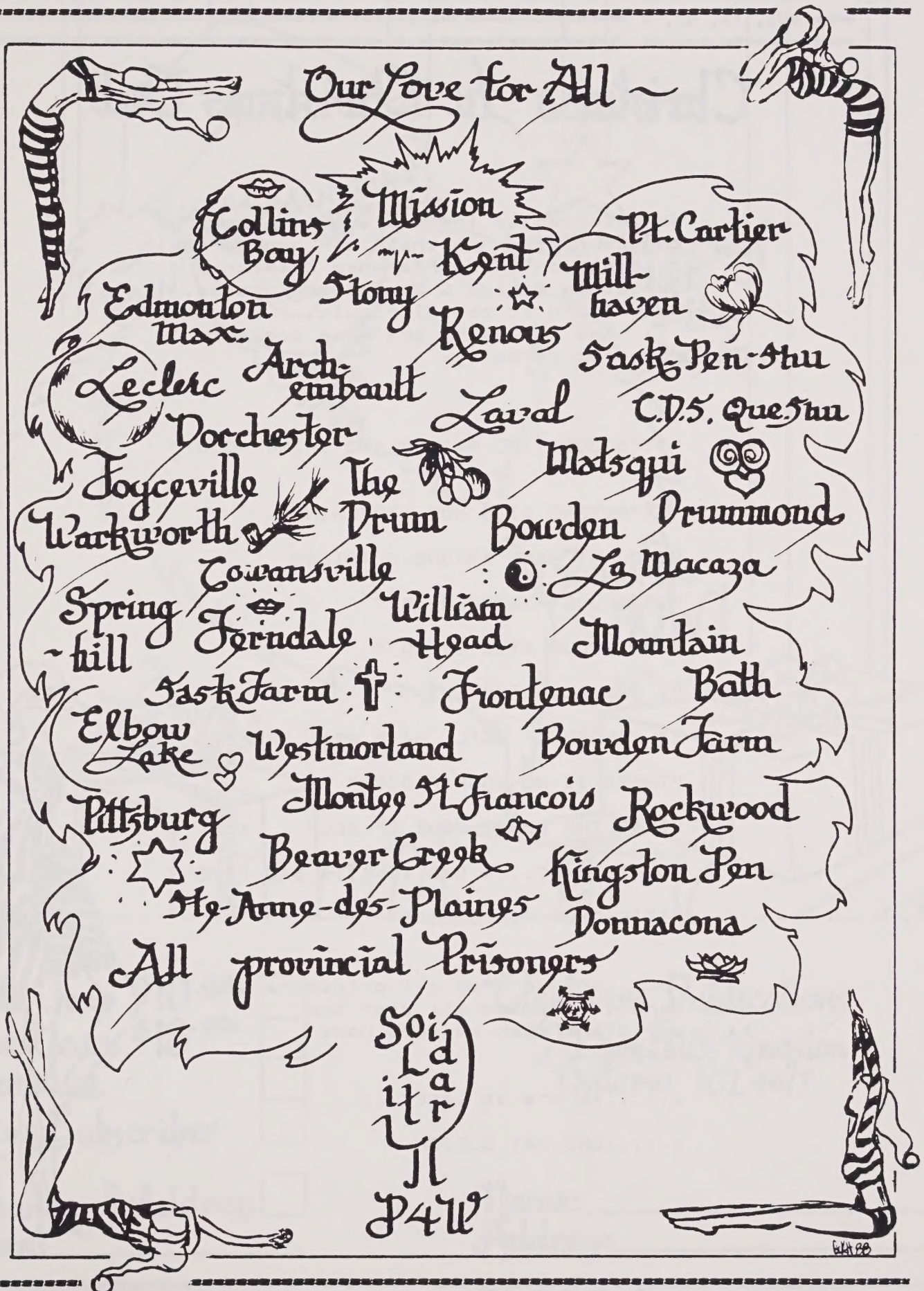
What an ugly scene. This so-called "person" you so kindly refer to as Guitar Pik is nothing short of being a Grinder. This Evil Toad .. Is she the Warty type?..the Slimy type?..oronethat just sits on the lily pad sticking hertongue out & grabbing at anything that comes ..by?

Anyway, this toad sounds foreign to me & of course everyone knows what foreign toads are like. Of course your so-called "loyal" "love" is obviously about as loyal as Benedict Arnold & as I am a strong believer in Karma (what goes around, comes..around), this "person" will be loyal to noone, not even herself.

My advice to you is let nature take its course. Eventually they will all end up phucking each other right up the kaboo (not that they probably wouldn't enjoy it!#) Rise above the garbage heap & realize your beauty & honesty. "Loyal" "Love" will realize that when you Lie with DOGS you wake up with the fleas but by thenit will be too late. Stay strong & don't lose faith.

Love,

Dragon Lady



Christmas In Christmas Out

We intended to include submissions from the population in their own hand - their comments on the difference between Christmas Inside & Christmas Outside. They found it too difficult.

The following are some comments I gathered verbally:

"IT'S JUST TOO PAINFUL TO THINK ABOUT"

"I PRETEND IT'S NOT HAPPENING"

"I DON'T HAVE ANYONE OUTSIDE"

"IT'S JUST ANOTHER DAY"

"WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO?"

"I CRY ALL DAY"

"I WONDER IF WE'LL HAVE REAL TURKEY"

"THERE IS NO COMPARISION"

"IT'S THE WORST TIME OF ALL"

"CHRISTMAS?...A SAD TIME..A BAD TIME"

"IT'S ONLY FOR OTHERS"

.....and so from all prisoners here at P4W and all over the world who wish we were home with you,

.....we are at least...

.....ONE DAY CLOSER.





One Year ~~\$10.00~~
Two Years ~~\$18.00~~
Renewal
New Subscriber

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